

Week ending August 6 1949

Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull



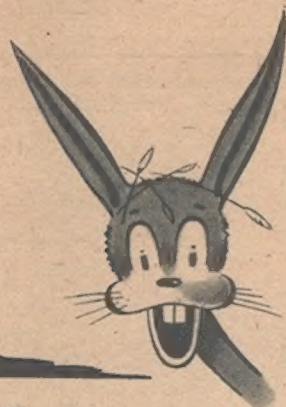
Rose-

DIAMONDS

SECRETS OF THE BIG DEALS
IN A GLAMOUR INDUSTRY

BEBOP

STORY OF THE MAN BEHIND
THE LATEST JAZZ CULT



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are **CHILDREN**

CAPENSIS

Toilet Paper is Best

Because it is so delightfully

**SOFT and
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There are approxi-
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PRICE 9d. PER ROLL

STOMACH PAIN after meals, destroys...

...all the enjoyment of your food. You can't eat confidently if you fear that dull ache which follows every meal. You'll never feel really well if excess acid makes you dread eating.

Rennies give a *swift*, sure relief. Two tablets sucked slowly, one after another following your meal, neutralize stomach acid *naturally*, drip-by-drip—and there's no danger of the over-alkalization that provokes further acids.

If Rennies *don't* relieve that stomach trouble, it's time you saw a doctor!

From all chemists—25 for 9d., 50 for 1/5, or, in the large economy size—100 for 2/8 (incl. tax).

DIGESTIF RENNIES
for happy stomachs



"HERE'S A SWEET IDEA FOR YOUR FAMILY"

—says Patricia Seymour

THEY'LL love this luscious Fruit Crumble, which looks as good as it tastes if you have a shining, streamlined 'Pyrex' brand casserole. Use one if you can for this recipe, because then the food will be done to a turn. Glass holds heat; that's why you get gentle cooking, with no fear of food drying up.



**'PYREX' OVEN-TO-TABLE
GLASSWARE**

All 'Pyrex' brand ovenware carries a 12 months' free replacement guarantee against breakage by oven-heat. It is made by James A. Jobling & Co. Ltd., Wear Glass Works, Sunderland



SULLEN SUE
BECOMES

A "REGULAR" SUNBEAM

Long ago we gave up saying "good morning" to Sullen Sue for fear she'd bite our heads off. Then this happened: Sue sails in on a certain Wednesday morning with a glittering smile you'd pay to see.

"Inherited something?" I cracked.

"Priceless treasure," she retorted. "Give ear and I'll tell you. Goes by the name of Kellogg's

All-Bran—the best thing in the world for moving road blocks on one's inner highway (there's 30 feet of it, don't forget). All the soft food we eat these days gets so easily absorbed, it doesn't have the *bulk* to keep traffic humming. Nothing for those interior muscles to take hold of."

"But All-Bran has?"

"Has indeed—plus deliciousness."

"Turning you into a sunshine girl is a real recommendation, I must say."

Sue flashed a smile.

"I'll take that as intended," she said, "from now on I'm everybody's friend."

"Just as long as there's a plate of All-Bran on the breakfast table?"

"Check," she said, "there will be—or my name's not Sunny Sue."

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN relieves constipation trouble, keeps you "regular." Made from rich outer layers of whole wheat deliciously oven-toasted with malt, salt, and sugar. Makes a splendid breakfast, and many appetizing cakes, buns, and surprise dishes. 7½d. a packet from your grocer.



"And don't forget
the **YESTAMIN!**"

100 TABLETS 1/6 . 300 TABLETS 4/-
AT YOUR CHEMIST

YESTAMIN

Daily Yeast

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT.

Help yourself to *positive* health at every meal with Yestamin Daily Yeast. Rich in proteins and the B group vitamins, whose lack is often cause of many minor ailments. Yestamin is *only* yeast—contains no drugs whatsoever. Three tablets with each meal release *extra* energy from all your food.

Best thing I've ever taken for RHEUMATISM

I realise that Fynnon Salt is a *very* good laxative indeed for rheumatic sufferers. Part of its medicinal action is to increase the fluid outflow from the kidneys. This helps to free the system of poisons which tend to be responsible for rheumatic aches and pains. If you are a sufferer, then take Fynnon Salt. Large tin 2/-.

FYNNON SALT

relieves RHEUMATISM, FIBROSITIS,
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Fynnon Limited, Brentford, Middx.



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THAT'S WHY YOU'LL

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FRUITY FLAVOUR OF

'O.K.'
SAUCE

1629
FLORENTINE
HAIR STYLE



How
Distinctive!

**HORNIMANS
DISTINCTIVE
TEA**

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO., LTD.

EST. 1826

Diseases that rob us of our rations

STEP BY STEP, a sort of National Health Service for animals is being built up. And it is badly needed, for diseases among Britain's flocks and herds cost us many millions of meat rations yearly, and greatly reduce the supply of eggs and the flow of milk.

These plagues, which most people never hear about, impair fertility and restrict breeding just when we are trying to double and even treble our livestock.

Another bad effect of animal disease is to spoil food which has been carefully produced at considerable expense, yet has to be condemned at the last moment instead of being sold to the people.

Housewives who complain that butchers seldom have liver are not told that 1,500 tons have to be destroyed annually because of infestation by a cattle parasite.

Facts like these show that it is almost as necessary to safeguard the health of farm animals as to breed more of them, and emphasize the importance of this month's International Veterinary Congress in London.

Delegates come to the Congress from all over the world to report progress in the endless struggle against disease, and we may reasonably hope that they will bring some useful lessons for British farmers and vets.

For you cannot carry on modern large-scale farming without ceaseless attention to veterinary science, which, like up-to-date medicine, concentrates more and more on prevention.

ITS problems are made more difficult because livestock today has all been specially bred for specialized purposes. A breeder may produce a cow which yields more milk—but that cow may have lost some of its ancestral resistance to disease.

Just sometimes that trend is healthily reversed. In Scotland, for example, a new breed of hill cattle is being evolved which is claimed to be exceptionally hardy.

But usually, if you breed a specialized creature for meat, milk or eggs, you pay for the improvement in other ways—and this is where modern preventative veterinary science must step in and save our food.

Start with the chicken-run. Before the war fowl-pest cost this country 35,000 tons of poultry and 1,500 million eggs a year; nearly one egg a week for everyone in England. Last year, with a smaller chicken population, we lost only twelve million eggs.

The ravages of this plague have already been checked, and would have

been eliminated altogether but for the importation of fowl carcasses from abroad. Fowl-pest must be made to join the six major animal diseases which have been exterminated in the last hundred years.

Foot and mouth disease is the only animal plague which gets into the newspapers, because of the ruthless British policy of isolating and slaughtering infected herds.

But bovine tuberculosis, mastitis (a hardening of the cow's udder) and other diseases, besides contagious abortion and infertility, gobble up annually astronomical quantities of beef, mutton, pork, bacon and milk.

DURING the war we lost through disease enough pigs to supply nearly two million people with meat for a year, and before the war 3,000,000 pigs died annually before reaching maturity.

A million more calves would have been born in 1938 but for sickness in the herds—and the cost, to what was then a struggling agricultural industry, was at least £20 million a year.

Today the loss of food is far more important than the prewar loss of money. But it is being reduced, and can be reduced still more.

Really excellent work is being done by such centres as the Division of Preventative Medicine at Streatley, near Reading, which studies blood and milk samples.

The sulfa drugs and penicillin can, it has been found, be used for animals as well as men. Preventative inoculation has been devised to combat swine fever and some of the diseases which afflict cows and sheep. The modern tuberculin test makes it possible to control and eventually to get rid of tuberculosis. In isolated communities such as the Scilly Isles this has been done already—and since Great Britain is an island, too, a similar clean-up could be achieved in time if it were properly organized.

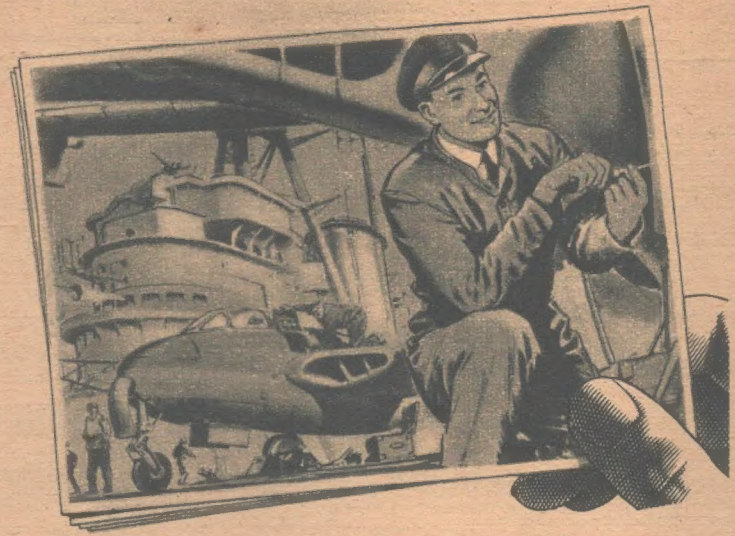
In short, the means are to hand to make a grand-scale onslaught on the diseases which rob us of our rations.

What is needed is the more resolute application of those means.

Few preventative measures are compulsory. Yet the initiative in fighting most animal diseases is with the owner. It's up to the farmer to telephone the vet. More farmers on the phone means more food in the shops!

Regular veterinary inspection is a first essential.

But to achieve this we must overcome the shortage of vets. The Minister of Agriculture should campaign to get more recruits into this vital profession.



"Trust Lofty to keep 'em flying . . .

. . . he's my 'Pilot's Mate' and I couldn't wish for a keener Skilled Aircraft Mechanic to look after my 'plane. He's the one that keeps my Vampire flying so well—I'm just the driver. Lofty doesn't say so, of course; he'll just grin 'Nice landing' then wind his six foot two round the 'plane and practically make it talk. All our 'ground' crew know aircraft inside out; they work fast . . . and carefully. We've had cause to thank them hundreds of times in all parts of the world . . ."

NAVAL AIRMEN This branch includes Aircraft Mechanics, Aircraft Handlers, Photographers, Ordnancemen, Meteorological Observers and Safety Equipment Ratings. There are good opportunities for promotion into the even higher-paid branches such as Air Mechanics, etc. 'Ground' staff can very often fly as passengers, and there is plenty of sport and foreign travel in the Navy's Aircraft Carriers. For full particulars, write to D.N.R., Dept. BU/199, ADMIRALTY, LONDON, S.W.1.



Does your tongue feel ACID FUR on your teeth?



Run your tongue round your teeth . . . notice a rough woolly feeling? That's acid fur threatening your teeth. To correct acid many dentists advise 'Milk of Magnesia' contained only in one toothpaste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Try Phillips' today. Notice how clean your teeth feel—such a nice taste left in the mouth. You'll soon be proud of your 'magnesia smile'.



* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

AUGUST 6, 1949 VOLUME 86 NUMBER 2249 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON



Nicholson Gin - too good to drown

Ask for Nicholson by name and enjoy the gin with the true old English flavour

To travel with more cash than you need is folly; yet to be short of money in a strange place is dust and ashes in the mouth. You can avoid both folly and humiliation. The Midland Bank has over 2,000 branches in England and Wales, and at any one of them you may pay in money or make arrangements for your cheques to be cashed. In countries overseas the Bank has more than 16,000 agents who are ready to assist Midland Bank customers in similar ways. This is just one of the services you enjoy when you...

open an account with the

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Ask at any branch of the Midland Bank—there are more than 2,000 of them—for particulars of how to open an account.

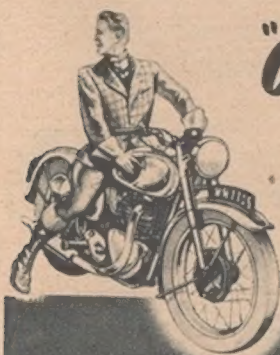


* Send for your copy of the new booklet on Jamaica Rum. Please write to: 'Jamaica Jo,' (Dept. JB.1), 40 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2.

In a moment of prophecy, Beau Brummell said: "A day is coming, Prinny, old swell, When Jamaica Rum will delight the nations. With a book of marvellous new potations."*

It's wonderful what
Jamaica Rum will do!

A bottle goes such a very long way



"O.K. take her away"

How's that for an overhaul? Mechanically perfect down to the last split pin. Safe, sound and smooth running for the whole of the summer... the whole job so inexpensive. Spares, accessories, tools and riding kit from the Halfords branch around the corner.

LOOK AROUND **Halfords**
for every accessory

BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE TOWNS

Free Speech

TOO MANY HOLIDAY SNAGS

I HAVE JUST RETURNED from a fortnight's holiday at a big south coast resort. At colossal expense I have been bored stiff for two weeks. Cannot some thought be given to the basic needs of a family on holiday? Here are a few suggestions:

Can't we get rid of the little frictions which seem to be inseparable from staying at the cheaper hotels and boarding houses—the things you cannot have, the rules which crop up every day, the things which do not work. And do we really want "small" hotels at all? Aren't they uneconomic, inefficient, dull? Could not greater comfort, better service and more amenities be provided in bigger units for the same money if someone got around to organizing this?

We want holiday amusements and activities to suit all tastes. At present, those connected with this industry seem to be aiming at whatever is popular enough (which, in practice, often means dull enough) to be an attraction of sorts to everyone. I suppose there is more money in it this way, but the holidaymaker suffers.

We want something better than the crowded pubs and utilitarian cafés. And we want some intelligent help for the holidaymaker who is a stranger in the resort on how to get the most out of its scenic possibilities and natural amenities. At present, we only find out what we have missed after we have left.

Is anyone doing anything about it?—N. E. K., Nottingham.

How Songs Are Written

AS AN OLD TROUPER and song writer, I was interested in the article by Lawrence Earl, "Song Writing is a Duet" (JOHN BULL, July 16). I have written many songs, but there was nothing in it—usually one guinea and half the royalties if published. It is quite true that song writing is a gift. In the "local," in a bus or on a train journey the ideas just come. The chorus always comes first and a rough melody with it, and then the verses are built.—JAY MACK, 9 Hinkler Road, Kenton, Middlesex.

Price Of Happiness

PEOPLE WHO SAY that money cannot buy happiness are either devoid of imagination or consoling themselves. What form of happiness is possible without money?—N. ATKINSON, 38 H. S. Edward Street, South Shields, Co. Durham.

Cure For Boredom

FINALLY FED UP with "repetition turning" in an engineering shop, I gave it up and took an unskilled job in the cardroom of a wool combing mill for a change.

For twelve hours a night, five nights a week, I worked harder than I ever dreamed possible. In a temperature around ninety-five degrees, with the din of the huge carding machines assailing the eardrums like trip-hammers, and in an atmosphere thick with wool fibres and dust, I loaded cart after cart with wool, wheeled them along the lines of ravenous machines, then back for more.

Drenched with sweat, I had no time to

rest, for these machines must not be allowed to run empty. There were two half-hour meal breaks, from 12-12.30 a.m. and from 4-4.30 a.m. I stuck it for three weeks. Then I went back to the engineering shop to revel in the cool air, to wallow in the comparative quiet—and, above all, to wonder what on earth I ever had to be fed up about.—J. M. A., Bradford.

Effect Of A Smile

MY HUSBAND'S OCCUPATION has caused us to live in many different towns and villages in various parts of England. At first I felt very lonely. Then I started to go about always smiling. Practically everyone smiled back. Then came the "Good mornings" and "Lovely days" from which conversations developed.

I never have any fear of loneliness now.—ELIZABETH LAMBERT, St. Aldhelm, Amble, near Wadebridge, Cornwall.

Take A Chance

WHAT ARE YOUNG PEOPLE coming to when they ask for loans to help them start married life ("Free Speech," July 16)? I was married when we had no home and had to live in rooms. But we were young and in love and that was all that mattered. Like thousands of others we pulled through, and what joy and fun we got out of it.

If a man is afraid to take a chance, I should hate to be the girl he is going to marry.—MRS. R. EVANS, 32 Malviner Avenue, Gravesend, Kent.

Schoolwear: U.S. Style

SINCE COMING TO LIVE in England, I have been tremendously impressed by the appearance of the young children. I have never seen healthier, rosier babies, nor any more beautifully turned out. Schoolchildren, too, are dressed much more smartly than our children in America.

One point, though: perhaps our dungarees, sweat shirts, jerseys, corduroy pants and jackets, all easily tubbed and requiring little or no ironing, seem too casual to be accepted in English schools—but their use does save a lot of mother's time and energy.—AMERICAN MOTHER, Harrow, Middlesex.

Letterbox Troubles

EVERY DAY I DELIVER personally hundreds of newspapers and periodicals. I should like to say a few words about letterboxes. As I find them, they are of three kinds.

The first is a rat-trap device, the spring of which is so strong that one's finger-ends are nearly pinched off. The second is worse, for the householder hangs heavy garments behind the door, and to push a newspaper through this box is like pushing it through the stuffed back of a chair. The third is the space between the bottom of the door and the step. Pushing printed matter through this aperture often results in torn and dirty copies.—GEORGE MORRIS, Armonfa, Vale Street, Denbigh, North Wales.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.



"Can't I take Sooty to bed, Mummy?"

Most children will do everything they can to put off the moment when mother says goodnight. They don't like to feel that the end of the day has come. . . .

But a wise mother realizes the importance of proper rest. She knows what a lot of energy children use up by day — they're

hardly ever still. She knows, too, that unless this energy is restored during sleep, they'll soon get strained and overtired. That's why she brings a cup of Horlicks at bedtime. Horlicks gently nourishes the tired system, helps to restore spent energy, soothes away tension of highly-strung nerves.

HORLICKS



STRUCTURAL STEELWORK

Structural steelwork for a modern power station reaches 100 to 130 ft. into the air. Working at such heights men fix in position great boiler drums and pipework, huge coal bunkers, coal conveyors, and much other plant and equipment.

**more
power**

AND WHAT IT MEANS

THOUSANDS OF TONS of machinery and equipment go to make a modern power station. All must be strongly and rigidly supported; and powerful cranes are needed to move into position loads up to 150 tons.

British Electricity are building 38 new power stations and are installing new plant in 43 existing stations. 40% more electric power in 4 years is the target.

BRITISH ELECTRICITY



THIS IS THE

Creda ELECTRIC COOKER

Modern
attractive design

Easiest to clean

Fast boiling-plates

Large oven, automatically controlled even temperature (no cold or hot spots)

Separately heated plate warming drawer (extra)

Special
simmering device

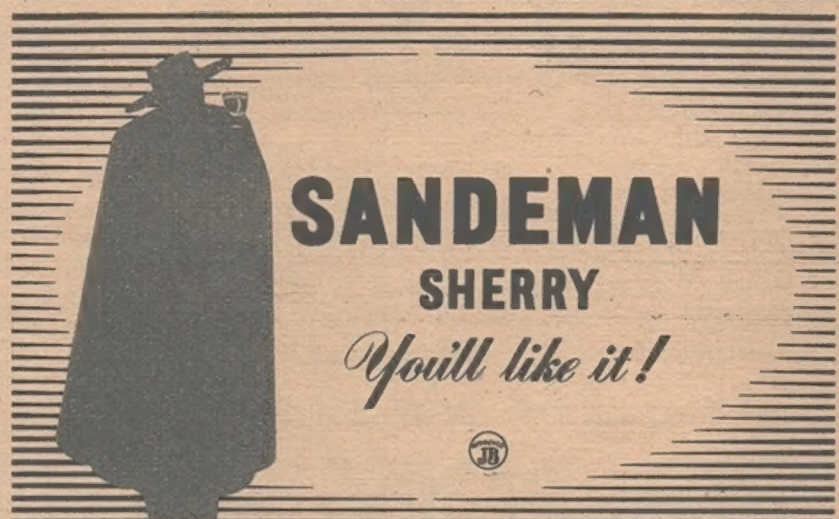
QUICK DELIVERY Ask for particulars from your Electricity Showrooms or Electrical Contractor



MADE BY THE HOUSE OF **Simplex**

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A  COMPANY



WOMEN HAD TO QUEUE FOR THE TRUTH!

**How New Millions Discovered
what Washes Whitest**

THEY PLUMP FOR PERSIL!

MILLIONS more women have now discovered the truth about washing powders! And, oddly enough, it was the soap shortage and the queues that did it.

For years women have had to buy whichever soap powder they could get. And they've discovered, beyond all shadow of doubt, what washes whitest. It's Persil!

Back in '39, millions knew this already. Now millions more know it!

The actual figures are shown in a door-to-door enquiry just completed. This enquiry indicated that more than half the housewives in the country would choose Persil—a staggering total of over 7 million!



"SORRY, MADAM..."

For years women have had to buy whatever soap powder they could get. This experience has been valuable! More than half the housewives in the country now say, "It's Persil that washes whitest!"

DO YOU REMEMBER?

**MUM THOUGHT JOY'S NIGHTIE
REALLY WHITE.**



This advertisement appeared in 1939, when millions were already using Persil. It helped to spread the amazing truth about Persil. Even so, many housewives frankly refused to believe the advertisement could be true—until the soap shortage developed! Then they proved it for themselves!

HOW TO GET YOUR PERSIL

Ask your grocer for Persil now. If he is out of stock, ask him to order more for you.

Yes, he can get some more now! So be quick and tell him you want Persil!

WHY PERSIL WASHES WHITEST

There's a scientific reason why Persil is best for whiteness. Persil suds are active against deep dirt.

Millions of tiny oxygen bubbles search out every particle of grime, grease and soiling, and shift it clean away.

And Persil is so gentle. Persil's whiteness is real cleanliness! That's why Persil brings coloureds up so beautifully, too. Use Persil for the whole wash!

*** 7 MILLION WOMEN NOW SAY**

PERSIL WASHES WHITER!

PER 1170-201

The finest Soles come from Dover...

but the finest salad cream

comes from

SUTTONS

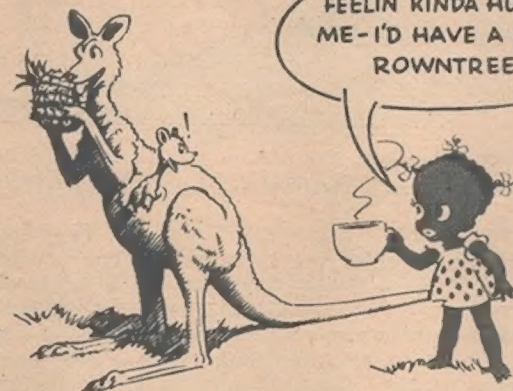
* 1/3 per bottle (in short supply)

Makers of "Master Touch" Sauce, Fine Pickles, Canned Goods and Soft Drinks



THE CREAM OF SALAD CREAMS

HONEYBUNCH AND THE KANGAROO



FEELIN' KINDA HUNGRY?
ME—I'D HAVE A CUPPA
ROWNTREE'S

ROWNTREE'S COCOA So grateful—so genial—so GOOD

JB

REMEMBER YOUR A.B.C...

Apples Bulmer's Cider



2½ lbs. of apples to every 5-glass flagon

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD



THE 'POPULAR' TUMBLER

These famous Jacobean Glass Tumblers are now made in five useful sizes, all to match and very modestly priced:—

Cocktail glass	... 2 ounce	... 4d.
Spirit	... 4 ounce	... 5d.
Wine	... 6½ ounce	... 6d.
Water	... 8 ounce	... 7d.
Beer	... 10 ounce	... 8d.

Obtainable only from Retailers, but in short supply at home just now owing to world-wide demand.

JACOBEOAN

REGD. TRADE MARK

GLASSWARE

CLAYTON MAYERS & CO LTD
LONDON N.W.2

Nehru, voice of India

by WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

WITH THE FALL of the Chinese Republic and Russia's slow but steady advance towards the frontiers of Kashmir, India, as the only stable and independent Power in the East, steps to the front of the international stage. And Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the Prime Minister and leader of this sovereign state of three hundred and fifty million people, becomes one of the most important statesmen in the world.

Unlike some of them, Nehru looks the part. Whether lunching at Buckingham Palace or sitting in a British jail, he has a dynamic dignity that neither man nor situation can extinguish. He has also considerable charm. "If I must arrest somebody, let it be Nehru," an English policeman told me in India before the war. "He's so damned decent about it."

Sometimes Nehru wishes himself back in the prisons where he has spent nearly fourteen of his sixty years. He is proud of his life, but he has no desire to be the legend he has become in India, or the world figure that the leadership of his country has made him outside it.

Could he have his way, he would retire to the high mountains of the Himalayas like the classic Hindu contemplatives. "Happiness and peace," he said recently, "are to be found only at altitudes above ten thousand feet, where people leave you alone."

No Rest Yet

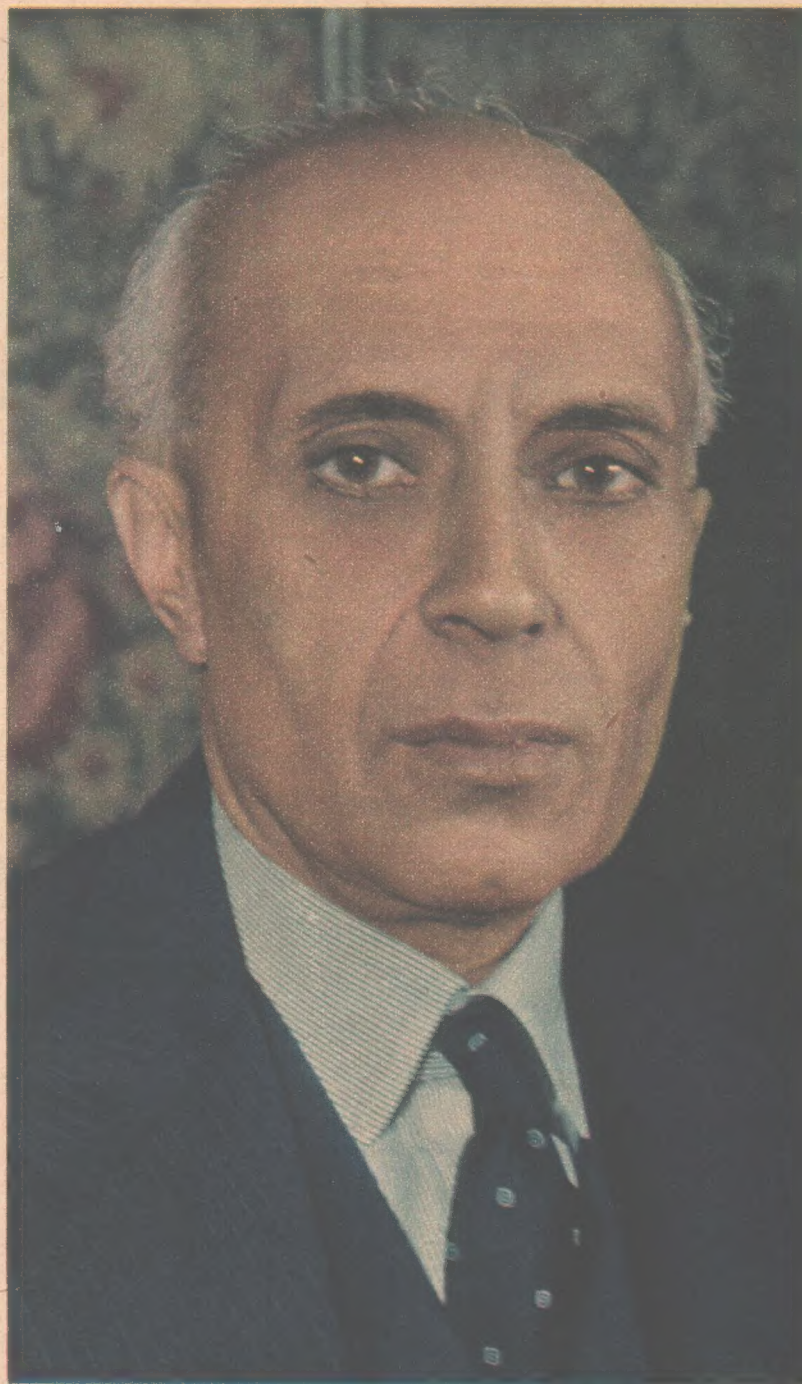
Although he has able lieutenants and inherited an efficient state machinery from the British, it is certain that Nehru will not be left alone for many years to come. No other Indian has his combination of intellectual authority and popular appeal. Nehru is more than Mahatma Gandhi's accepted and anointed heir; he is, in his own right, a symbolic figure whose life and bearing crystallize a master element in the mystical unconscious of the Indian people.

"Imagine it!" I heard an old farmer chatter admiringly as he watched Nehru squatting in a village hut talking with the headman. "Once Panditji had fifty servants and lived in a palace like a great maharajah. And now look at him! He wears homespun cotton and walks in the dust just as we do."

Renunciation, the act of leaving a position of great wealth and privilege for the life and tribulations of the humble, has always acted powerfully on the Indian imagination. It is an essential for any Hindu hero or saint. Nehru conforms to pattern, although not so dramatically as some of his awe-struck followers believe.

His was no blinding, Pauline revelation. He took the revolutionary path only after hard thinking and patient observation. It was a slow process, during which he had to jettison both the patina of an aristocratic upbringing

The man who speaks for India is as much a puzzle to Indians as he is to us. He likes worldly things, yet lives frugally; spent a quarter of his life in British jails in a stand for Asiatic independence—and yet backs the Commonwealth against a Red Asia



Jawaharlal Nehru: No peace for him yet while Red advance continues

and the social trappings of a deeply assimilated Western culture.

"I am a queer mixture of East and West," Nehru says. "I doubt if I represent anything at all."

Half a century ago Jawaharlal Nehru represented the younger generation of one of the most exclusive and unassailable societies in the world. He was born, a Kashmiri Brahmin, of a family that considered itself, socially and religiously, the proudest patricians in India. Motilal, his father, was a lawyer of brilliant abilities and so admired the British and the Western way of life that Jawaharlal was brought up to treat his less fortunate fellow Indians with some condescension.

After seven years in England, where he went to Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, Nehru returned to India a svelte young man with a fondness for cigars, beautiful clothes and European literature. He could hardly speak a word of his mother tongue.

"Insufferable" Then

"Young Nehru was rather insufferable in those days," a contemporary of his father recalls. "He thought he owned the place, and went about as if India was at his feet. Now, nearly forty years later, it is. But not in the sense that Jawaharlal imagined then."

Like his father, Nehru became a lawyer, but his practice at the bar was short-lived. So was his life as a young man of fashion. This was the period of the first World War. India was restless and unsettled, and self-determination was in the air.

Travelling round the country he hardly knew, Nehru observed the plight of the very poor in their miserable villages. His sense of human value was outraged; here were conditions he had never guessed at. He was unpleasantly surprised, too, by the attitude of the British, who were not at all the same people on the Punjab plains that they had been in kindly Cambridge. Nehru began to brood on that liberation of India to which he would shortly devote his life.

Met Gandhi

He met Gandhi, who was shuffling about preaching his passive resistance to foreign rule. They took to each other at once.

The little gnome with his talk of patience and redemption was far from Nehru's idea of a revolutionary. Jawaharlal, deeply read in Western social theory, was horrified by the superstitious ignorance of the Indian masses. He wanted education, reform and mechanized progress. Gandhi twirled a spinning-wheel and talked of Truth and cottage industries.

Yet, tramping behind the Mahatma's khaddar-clad retinue, Nehru realized that it was Gandhi who spoke to India, and that, in a country where trees are more sacred than tractors, mysticism, and not Marx, gives the people courage and will.

For his part, Gandhi saw that the

revolution could not afford to lose the splendid mind and crusading humanity of the young lawyer. Although continually criticized by the intellectual Nehru, he took him under his wing, and the long association that was to make these two men the master figures in the fight for India's freedom had begun.

Jawaharlal's transformation from a gilded young Hindu aristocrat into a bazaar agitator hounded by the Imperial police, caused an earthquake in the Nehru circle. Exclaiming relatives descended on Allahabad from every corner of India. Nehru tells how he and his father fought it out for days on end.

Cajolery, Threats . . .

In these gigantic, wordy battles, the family worked in relays as they hurled cajolery, threats and indignation on the apostate's head. "It was," says Nehru, "as if the heir to a noble house had calmly announced his engagement to the parlourmaid."

Nehru stood firm. He did more; in less than a year he had persuaded his father and most of his family. Motilal's conversion was helped by the fact that he, one of the best-known men in India and a considerable personality anywhere, was refused admission by British members to the exclusive Allahabad Club.

In a final gesture, the Nehru family made a bonfire of all they possessed of British mark or manufacture. Thereafter, it was an exceptional month that did not see at least one Nehru in jail for subversive activities.

Nehru himself, and his wife Kamala, did several terms. So did

Mahatma Gandhi. When the situation became dangerous for the British, one or both were arrested, in company with hundreds of others. No sooner were they out, than the speeches and the demonstrations began again.

There were assassinations and beatings by the police, but to the violent West it must have appeared a very anaemic revolution. Bullock carts bore primitive loudspeakers into remote villages. Bands of white-clad youths tramped the countryside shouting melodious slogans, or lay elegantly across the railway lines. Gandhi fasted; while Nehru wrote his pamphlets and tore about India, speaking, hectoring, organizing.

Once, in Bengal, he was arrested in the middle of his speech before an audience of thousands. After nine months of prison he returned to the same place and convened the same audience.

The police being strongly in evidence, the people were nervous. Nehru mounted the platform, cleared his throat. "As I was saying . . ." he began, and the crowd, including the police, relaxed and roared with laughter.

For a man who has been an active revolutionary for thirty years and suffered all the indignities that this implies, Nehru is amazingly generous. He has no blood on his hands and there is no bitterness in his nature. Now that power, against which he has fought all his life, is in his hands, he accepts it willingly, but with self-searching. Nothing in Nehru conforms to type, all is paradox and human contradiction.

An agnostic, he is the hero of the

most mystically religious people in the world. An aristocrat, with a background of social and intellectual Western culture, he remains indefectibly an Indian: volatile and sympathetic, loquacious, gentle and vain.

No one could less represent the enigmatic man of the East. When Nehru is annoyed—and he is often annoyed—he says so. Unlike Gandhi, he is impatient with fools and bores.

Aldous Huxley once said that all Indians were like the Old Man of Thermopylae—they never did anything properly. It is this Thermopylaean element in the make-up of his countrymen that frequently irritates Nehru. When technical hitches occur, and tents fall down and fuses blow, Panditji goes into action immediately. He scolds, pushes people about and knocks their heads together. The people love it.

Silenced The Rowdies

Impulsive and very courageous, he jumped down from the platform at the Asian Relations Conference and personally silenced some rowdies, then returned to finish his presidential speech. During the Delhi riots in 1947, he went about the streets, bare-headed and unarmed, organizing help and directing operations.

He abhors, as much as Gandhi did, the idea of caste and sectarianism. Born a Brahmin, he has untouchables as servants, and despises the bleak, inhuman attitude that fanatical orthodoxy brings. For this he has many enemies among the more rigid of the high caste Hindus, as he has among the extremists of his party to whom Nehru's moderate Socialism is a betrayal of the revolution.

Nehru believes that Socialism can only come to India gradually, and that any attempt at hasty reforms will bring disaster. He is obsessed by time. The next five years, he thinks, will be the most critical period in the history of Republican India.

Nehru's brain is quick and rational, antique India is slow and instinctive. To reconcile the lucid formulas of his mind with the heavy, tangled processes of his country's genius is the hardest battle Nehru must fight with himself, and he fights it daily.

The struggle is apparent in his anxious energy and in the perplexed resolution of his fine, spiritual face. He is an intellectual first and last, impatient with all that is dark and archaic, but he has a deep understanding of his people's mythology.

Bathed With Gandhi

When Gandhi bathed in the sacred Ganges, Nehru waded in with him, and he bears the garlanding and adulation that greet him everywhere in India with grace and a sort of tender humour.

Gandhi spoke from a cloud, Nehru's feet are on the earth. The Mahatma told Indians that the Quetta earthquake was a revenge from heaven for their misdeeds. Nehru explained the rioting in 1947 as a "derangement of mental machinery," the excesses of frightened children. And it is as a father, now that Gandhi is dead, that his people look on Nehru.

The man his countrymen think the greatest human being alive lives and

works in a big, cavernous house in New Delhi that was once the residence of the British commander-in-chief. His is an eighteen-hour day and he seldom finds twenty minutes to relax with friends, or read, or write his splendidly limpid English prose. Nehru is not an ascetic, whatever his people may think, but his life is simple both by necessity and taste.

His habits are Western. Nehru likes modern gadgets, refrigerators, radio, symbols of the industrialized Western life he would so dearly like to see in India.

His daughter, Indira, looks after him and presides at table. Nehru has no interest in food, which he eats in rapid swoops from behind a file or memorandum. He takes a little wine and smokes incessantly. Occasionally he is lured out to play ball with his grandchildren in the garden, but this, and a rare visit to the cinema, are all the relaxation he allows himself.

His energy is fathomless and, like Napoleon, he wears out secretaries with alarming ease. He dislikes formality and likes getting new and interesting presents. When some farmers clubbed together and gave him a beautiful Arab pony, Nehru rushed from a conference and, pursued by a secret service man, insisted on galloping the animal round the lawn.

Such little private life as he manages to get is impeccable. He is an attractive man, and women interest him, but since the death of his wife, in 1936, he has never thought of re-marrying. At sixty, with the country he deeply loves growing into a nation, Nehru lives a strangely lonely, dedicated life, in which the only graces are those that exist in his own warm humanity and nobly fastidious mind.

Mountbatten's Tribute

"Make no mistake," said Lord Mountbatten, talking of Nehru, "this is a great statesman and a great man."

Nehru has made mistakes, but they have been generous ones, and like his temper, they have been quickly recovered. When, in January next year, India is formally declared a Republic within the British Commonwealth, although there will be some to insist that he was wrong, Nehru himself will say that he acted on what he believed to be the wishes of his people. Anybody who has seen him among them will know that he has their trust.

When he was given his last sentence of imprisonment, at Gorakhpur, in 1940, Nehru made a speech from the dock. "It matters little to me," he said, addressing the magistrate, "what happens to me at this trial or subsequently. Individuals come and go, as I will go when my time is up."

"I stand before you, sir, accused of certain crimes against the State. You are a symbol of that State. But I am more than an individual also; I, too, am a symbol at the present, a symbol of Indian Nationalism that will continue to fight till my country is free of British rule."

His was a voice through which Liberty has ever found expression. That the accents, in 1940, were those of Nehru, is fortunate for India, Britain and the world.



Playing with his grandchild, Rajiva Gandhi, is rare enjoyment for Nehru

Pyramid with diamond stepping stones

by LAWRENCE EARL

The diamond trade is a big-business pyramid. How many diamonds may be dug up and sold and who gets the first pickings depends on the man perched securely on the top



Sorting rough diamonds for buyers. Last year sales were £38,000,000

ELEVEN TIMES EACH YEAR, buyers from all over the world troop into an unpretentious building at 32/34 Holborn Viaduct, in London, to look at shapes, stones, maccles, flats, melee and sand, all of which are technical terms for various grades of diamonds in the rough.

The diamonds they see range in size from microscopic titbits running 120 to the carat to some as large as robins' eggs and larger, but, unlike the stones that glitter with spectacular brightness in a jeweller's showcase, these are comparatively without lustre and could easily be mistaken at a quick glance by a layman for common salt crystals.

Under a northern light the buyer examines through his magnifying glass the roughs he is offered, sometimes compares them with a test stone of near perfection which he has brought in with him for the purpose, breathes on them to uncover surface flaws and then buys or does not buy according to his judgment.

Since about ninety-five per cent of the stones mined all over the world are sold through the Diamond Trading Company and Industrial Distributors (Sales), Ltd., in their St. Andrew's House headquarters, it is almost redundant to say that London is the diamond trading centre of the world. In addition, the Diamond Trading Company is able to control with tight reins the price of stones everywhere and even the manner in which business in the lower echelons of the industry is conducted.

This is particularly true in boom times. Then, demand for stones skyrockets spectacularly and customers will buy, almost unseen, every rough they are offered. But during slacker times, profit-hungry business men often look for, and find, a loophole in the control.

Black Market Stones

At this moment, for example, diamond men in this country, in Holland and in Belgium—and indeed reputable manufacturers everywhere—are gravely concerned over a black market diamond-cutting and polishing industry which has come to life in the economically insulated Western Zone of Germany.

Last year, when more than £38,000,000 worth of stones were sold, was the biggest on record for the industry throughout the world; but the first few months of 1949 have seen a drop in trade which has brought dealers the first whispered suggestions of retrenchment. The low-cost German operators, who cut and polish on a homework basis with negligible expenses, are in such a time a real price-cutting threat.

"But who," dealers ask, looking around suspiciously, "is selling the rough to Germany?"

Nobody knows which individuals or companies are involved in this dealing, but it has been established beyond the stage of mere guesswork that the rough is coming from America. Smuggled into Germany, it is illicitly polished and then smuggled out again to be sold, often at prices below the established level.

Naturally, dealers obeying the strict regulations laid down by the Diamond Trading Company are distressed by this competition, which they consider to be unfair, and if the D.T.C. actually knew what dealer or dealers were involved in this undercover operation, one thing is sure: he or they would never be sold another rough.

But diamonds don't carry ownership labels. An investigation, inspired by worried Antwerp polishing firms, has been

made by the International Diamond Workers' Federation. So far the leak has been neither uncovered nor plugged.

Investigating committees have found a few workmen in Germany polishing gems in bombed-out buildings, but when they moved in for the kill they were invariably frustrated. On one such typical occasion, the conversation ran something like this:

"Hey! What do you think you're doing?"

"Polishing a diamond, of course."

"Where did you get the rough?"

"What rough? I'm merely repolishing an old stone that has been in my family for years."

When the stone was examined, it did indeed prove to be an old one—perhaps looted during the early days of the war when Germany overran Europe, though there was no way to establish this. Without doubt, it is under cover of refashioning old stones that the new industry has sprung up.

The craftsmen are largely left-overs from the prewar industry built by Hitler to prepare industrial diamonds as a munition of war. It has not yet been possible to obtain acceptable legal proof—but the investigation is going on.

Diamonds For Industry

Of last year's record-breaking £38,000,000 in sales, it is significant that £11,000,000 worth were industrial stones, a far greater proportion than ever before and nearly three times that of any previous year in value.

The difference can be directly related to the fact that during 1948 the United States stock-piled huge quantities of industrial diamonds for use in the event of war. The slump of 1949 is partly traceable to the stoppage of such buying and partly to the recession in general trading in America.

The whole complicated structure of diamond dealings, from the time they are dug—or not dug—out of the earth until they are sold is a tightly controlled, tightly operated big-business pyramid, with one man sitting securely and comfortably at the top. The son of a German tobacconist, Sir Ernest Oppenheimer came to London many years ago to learn about diamonds, and in 1902 went to South Africa to translate his knowledge into great riches and even greater power as diamond dictator of the world.

Through his business acumen and daring in dealings which were often ruthless, he gained control of most of the world's diamond producers, either directly or by forcing them for their own protection into his Diamond Producers' Association. There they are held together by rigid contracts, each permitted a certain predetermined percentage of the world's diamond market, each bound to dig out of the ground and sell no more diamonds than his allotted quota.

Squeeze Gently

The diamonds they produce are then all channelled through the Diamond Corporation, another Oppenheimer creation, which has offices both in South Africa and in London. The corporation, often described as the toothpaste tube of the industry, regulates the flow from producer to marketer.

During the slump years of 1936 to 1938, for example, when diamonds were not in demand, the mines still produced but on a curtailed scale. Even this production proved to be above the demand and the Diamond Corporation fulfilled its toothpaste tube function by holding millions of pounds' worth of diamonds in London

without squeezing the tube. It considered this a form of self-protection, since if at any time diamonds were allowed to flood the market, prices would drop.

This method of price control, everyone in the diamond industry hastens to explain, protects not only the producing monopoly but everyone else from big manufacturer to the customer who buys a diamond brooch at the local jeweller's for his wife's birthday. This is undoubtedly true, but at the same time there can be little doubt that the men at the very top, including Sir Ernest himself, carry with them the sub-conscious fear that some day someone will stumble upon a fabulously rich diamond find and flood the market, contemptuous of the ring's regulations and contracts.

Find In Tanganyika

As a matter of fact, this is highly improbable, since even the flightiest-minded diamond discoverer would see that he would thus be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

At the same time, when Dr. J. T. Williamson, the Canadian geologist, discovered his rich source of stones in Tanganyika he created a certain temporary tension in the diamond world. Not until he became affiliated with the Diamond Producers' Association a couple of years ago did holders of big diamond stocks breathe easily.

In normal times, the Diamond Corporation regularly releases to the Diamond Trading Company the stones to be sold. The "sights," or showings for sale, then take place.

But not everyone who happens to have upwards of fifty thousand pounds in his pocket can walk into St. Andrew's House and plunk it down with the expectation of getting its worth in gems.

Since the United States is by far the largest consumer of gem diamonds, accounting for up to eighty per cent of annual sales, it is perhaps fair that American buyers have first look during a "sight," which normally takes place once every month except December. This does not necessarily mean that the Americans get the cream of the diamond crop, since the Diamond Trading Company is said to be scrupulously fair in reserving good stones for each different market.

British manufacturers and buyers, representing the powerful sterling area, come next in the queue and are followed by Belgians, Dutch and Israelis.

"Free" Enterprise

It is strange that this exacting, completely controlled and monopoly-dominated structure should be also often held up as one of the last true surviving examples of completely free enterprise. This is a paradox which few dealers in diamonds, who have to adhere so rigidly to the rules and regulations of the parent body, try to understand or explain.

The order in priority at the "sights" does not automatically indicate that New York and London have completely replaced Antwerp and Amsterdam as the world's most important diamond-cutting and polishing centres, but in the past several years a great reshuffling has taken place in the manufacturing branch of the industry.

In 1940, when the Germans swept in on the Low Countries, they shut down the diamond-cutting plants, but 500 refugee polishers, cutters and cleavers managed to escape to Britain and America. At the time, there was no diamond manufacturing industry in this country, but dealers here, quick to spot their opportunity, engaged the newcomers and set up plants. At first they were spread through the provinces, but when the Government limited the number of companies to eight they centralized in London.

Until then, Antwerp and Amsterdam between them had supported ninety per

cent of the diamond craftsmen in the world, but for a time at least this situation was reversed. London, New York, Israel and South Africa boomed as polishing centres.

This was not the first time England had tried to elbow into the manufacturing end of the business. From 1910 until 1922 factories had operated here, but the big slump of the early twenties wiped them out.

The influx of craftsmen in 1940 stirred them to new life. This time the manufacturers determined to stick. They formed the Diamond Manufacturers' Association on the theory so well established by the parent producing and marketing syndicate, that for strength they needed a certain amount of unity.

The war over, about 150 diamond workers returned across Channel to their homes. The remainder elected to stay here to supply the stiff backbone of experience to this resurrected industry and the vacancies were quickly filled by disabled British Servicemen.

Diamond dealers here say that at last Britain has made a secure niche for her-

self in the manufacturing industry. Antwerp still leads in quantity production, being especially expert in small stones; America specializes in large diamonds; and Britain goes in for gems of excellent quality.

When Dr. Williamson gave Princess Elizabeth a superb, but irregularly shaped, fifty-four carat pink Tanganyika diamond as a wedding present it went for cutting and polishing to a London firm, Briefel and Lemer. British manufacturers rightly considered this to be a supreme recognition of their quality workmanship.

Today the original eight manufacturers have grown to twelve. In addition there are a number of small manufacturers in London who buy their roughs through brokers to whom they must pay a commission on top of the purchase price.

Small dealers as well as large, encouraged by the skyrocketing market of last year, are today diamond-rich, having invested all available cash in stocks. Most manufacturers have gone even further than that and are now nervously operating on bank overdrafts.

This contributes a possible impetus to

the present slump. With their safes choked with glittering diamonds and their pockets empty of cash, manufacturers can't hold out indefinitely for top prices as laid down by the syndicate.

If the slump continues and deepens there may be a crisis. As it is, some manufacturers are temporarily operating on a three-day week, while at the same time they optimistically describe present trading apathy as only a passing cloud.

Meanwhile, London exports finished stones to all parts of the world, concentrating the big guns on the sterling area. Even Antwerp goods are largely sold through dealers here, since if Australia, for example, wants to buy it can't pay directly in Belgian francs.

Wallet Full Of Diamonds

The British diamond industry is located mainly in three London streets: Holborn Viaduct, Hatton Garden and Ely Place.

To see what a diamond manufacturing plant was like I visited a firm called British Diamond Cutters. It is owned by J. C. Ginder, a middle-aged, pink-faced man who looks like a successful stockbroker and who keeps a large black wallet filled with sparkling diamonds constantly in front of him on his office desk for incoming buyers to look at.

Ginder employs forty craftsmen. His factory manager is Herman Weinberg, who came to London from Antwerp in 1914 and has remained in this country, except for a brief spell as a factory manager in South Africa, ever since.

Weinberg, the key man at the Ginder factory, designs the gems from the rough and decides precisely how each is to be sawn and cleaved.

Weinberg explained how sawing was done with a paper-thin phosphor-bronze disc that turns at 6,000 revolutions per minute. Since only diamond can cut diamond, a mixture of diamond dust—worth seventeen and six a carat—and olive oil is first rolled on to the edge of the disc. The sawing is done across the grain when the whirling blade is lowered on rigid, hinged arms to the diamond, which is held in a vice of hardened cement.

"The stone is sawn," Weinberg explained, "then cut to give it shape, then polished and finally boiled in pure sulphuric acid to remove all surface impurities. Since the most brilliant-shaped diamonds have fifty-eight facets and each facet must be polished, this means a lot of work."

Pavement Deals

Ginder is an important man in the London diamond industry, but there are plenty of small-time operators as well. Any visitor walking through the district at midday is sure to notice strange activities which mark it as a place apart.

Outside the Diamond Club on Hatton Garden, for example, the pavement will usually be crowded with groups of men, many of whom use this bit of out-doors as an office—since they have none other—and show stones which they hope to sell. One day not long ago I was stopped there by a middle-aged gentleman with a greying moustache and metal-rimmed spectacles.

"Are you Mr. —?" he asked.

I said I was not.

"Excuse me. I had a business appointment here with him."

I walked on a few steps, stopped and waited. Sure enough, a tall, rather stooped man in a worn raincoat came along and in no time the two were deep in a discussion of diamond qualities and prices.

This was diamond dealing on a pretty low level, but from the bottom to the top one thing still holds good: Sir Ernest Oppenheimer and his many syndicates have a firm control over virtually every diamond on or in the earth.



Diamonds in a perfect setting. In the rough, they're like salt crystals

How he hated ducks

by WILL SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY WEARE

Mr. Duke loved to sit at the top of Trent Hill and watch the people pass by—especially the Star Turn. He so wished he had the courage to talk to him



"The Cardinal's Hat—definitely the greatest drama of its day," declared the Star Turn. "I was the cardinal"

MR. DUKE HADN'T ALWAYS hated ducks. It came about. Being no longer as young as he used to be, he liked to walk when it was sunny as far as the seat at the top of Trent Hill and sit there and spend an hour looking at the view. And there was always plenty to see besides the view.

Daring cyclists freewheeled like streaks of lightning down the hill, red-faced cyclists pushed their machines up the hill, patients and visitors went to and came from the cottage hospital just across the field behind, and every half hour there was the bus to drop people and pick people up, right there in front of the seat.

And most afternoons there was the Star Turn.

If you had an easy-going disposition that seat on the top of Trent Hill was the most fascinating place on earth. Mr. Duke always had some interesting tale to take home to the wife. And nine times out of ten the little tale would end up with the words, "Oh, and the Star Turn went by, of course."

Mr. Duke called him the Star Turn because he didn't know his real name. It certainly fitted. Though he never seemed to work, a star he still appeared to be.

His clothes were the best that money could buy, like the house he lived in at the best end of the town. And the rings on his fingers sparkled so brightly that Mr. Duke was driven to imagine bells on his toes to match. He had done very well for himself, there was no doubt.

His hair was bushed in the old stage style and the brim of his hat was wider than you usually saw. He was also, like Mr. Duke, no longer as young as he used to be. But star turn he must have been, somewhere up near the top.

Going over his afternoon's adventures to his wife at tea Mr. Duke would chatter: "Very remarkable—there wasn't a single soul on the four o'clock bus. Oh, and of course I saw the Star Turn. Books under his arm. Must have been to the library." Or: "They're painting the old house at the top of the hill. And Mrs. Thoresby was on the half past three. I waved, but I don't think she saw me. Oh, and the Star Turn was actually carrying a cabbage today. He made it seem a very dignified cabbage, naturally."

ONE way and another the Star Turn managed to get into nearly all Mr. Duke's trivial anecdotes about his afternoons on the seat at the top of Trent Hill. But there was some mystery about him, or so it seemed to Mr. Duke. He was always alone. Mr. Duke had never seen him with anybody, had never seen him speak to anybody.

It puzzled Mr. Duke. He very much wanted to stop the Star Turn and say, "Excuse me, sir, but why are you always on your own? I've noticed it for the last six months, ever since I started sitting on the seat at the top of Trent Hill on sunny afternoons. It quite worries me and the wife, in a small way. You're never with anyone."

But of course he couldn't talk like that to a man he didn't know.

Apart from the fact that the Star Turn always passed by on the other side, where the trees were, Mr. Duke wasn't the man to ask questions of strangers, even far less saucy questions than that. He was far too modest and obscure a man to tackle strangers about anything. Even before he retired he had been far too modest and obscure a man, and retirement had driven him in on himself.

All the same, he would have liked to know.

Then one day Mr. Duke had something else to think about. A small nagging pain

came in his chest. He let it have its own way for a day or two, doing a bit of worrying without telling his wife. Then he took it to the doctor.

The doctor spent five minutes on him and told him he'd have to have an X-ray. He wrote something on a slip and put it in an envelope and gave the envelope to Mr. Duke and told him to take it to the cottage hospital the following Wednesday afternoon.

This was a great shock to Mr. Duke and a black gloom descended on him. Immediately he feared the worst. He feared it in a dozen different forms before Wednesday afternoon came round, but always it was the worst.

As he passed the little seat at the top of Trent Hill on his way to the cottage hospital he wondered if he would ever sit there again on sunny afternoons. All at once a sunny afternoon on that little seat became the most desirable thing in life, a prize at the end of a race, a reward for stupid years in a stupid office.

At the cottage hospital he was herded with a couple of dozen others in a small room littered with packing cases and bits of furniture. A nurse collected their envelopes, vanished, came back and said unexpectedly, "One elbow."

Mr. Duke's mouth dropped open. It was such a silly thing for a woman to say. Then he noticed a woman with her arm in a sling disentangle herself from the rest and follow the nurse out of the room. A few minutes later the nurse turned up again and startled Mr. Duke once more by saying, "Two chests."

By the time Mr. Duke realized that he himself must be half of the two chests the other half came to light where it had been crammed in a corner, and proved to be, to Mr. Duke's mounting astonishment, none other than the Star Turn.

The nurse beckoned them outside. "Bathroom, first on your left round the corner," she said. "Strip to the waist, put on your coats, come back here."

The Star Turn seemed to swell and grow in height in a second.

"Bathroom?" he said in a voice which could have filled Drury Lane and probably had. "My God! Haven't they got dressing-rooms?"

They found the bathroom round the corner, and the Star Turn, through his shirt front, appeared to begin to prepare a public speech or a letter to the editor of *The Times*. When he came to light again the oration or letter to editor was addressed to the ceiling. He never, he told the ceiling, undressed in bathrooms. Mr. Duke didn't appear to come into it, or indeed to be alive.

After they had been dismissed ("Your doctors will receive our reports") they left the cottage hospital together, the Star Turn addressing a speech to the sky. When they reached the seat at the top of the hill, Mr. Duke said, "I think I'll sit here a little while. That was rather an ordeal."

Then for the first time the Star Turn became aware that Mr. Duke was a contemporary. He actually looked at him.

"Of course, you're always sitting here. I've noticed you." He smoothed his silvery locks and sat beside Mr. Duke.

Mr. Duke wanted to compare notes about the X-ray and symptoms, but before he knew where he was he found himself in the middle of a dissertation on *The Cardinal's Hat*—whatever that was. Then he found out.

"The greatest—definitely the greatest—drama of its day," declared the Star Turn.

Then it came back to Mr. Duke. The wife and he had seen it in their courting days.

"I," said the Star Turn, "was the cardinal."

"Oh," said Mr. Duke.

"Maxton Milne," said the Star Turn,

as if Mr. Duke was about to deny it. "Oh!" said Mr. Duke, awestruck.

Then he heard how, in London and on "the road," *The Cardinal's Hat* had run for five years without a break. "That doesn't happen these days," said the Star Turn. "I'll tell you another thing."

The Star Turn told him another thing. An hour later Mr. Duke looked at his watch. "I rather think—" he hinted. The Star Turn looked at his watch. "Later than I thought," he said. "Well, good day to you." He made an exit. Mr. Duke crawled home.

His wife, looking anxious, wanted to know about the X-ray, but he disposed of that in a dozen words. He had more dramatic news for her.

"You'll never guess!" he said. "I've met somebody! Having an X-ray at the same time. We dressed in the same bathroom. He sat on the seat with me, coming back. We talked for over an hour. The Star Turn!"

"No!" said Mrs. Duke. "It's a fact. And I was right—he is

yes he could ask him, and the next afternoon she asked him if he'd asked him.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Duke, "he had such a lot to say about *The Cardinal's Hat* that we never got round to it."

Mr. Duke got his report from the doctor. He hadn't to worry. It was nothing, really, so long as he didn't worry. Take it easy, a little gentle exercise, fresh air, and he'd last for centuries.

"There you are!" said Mrs. Duke. "The very life you do lead. What could be better?"

But after a while she began to wonder if the doctor had been right. Sometimes Mr. Duke would come in to tea with a drawn look on his face.

"All right, dear?" she'd ask. "Yes, I'm all right," he'd answer.

"Did your friend turn up?" "Oh, yes."

"How did you get on?" "Oh, all right. Talked about *The Cardinal's Hat* all afternoon."

Then one afternoon Mr. Duke hovered about instead of looking for his hat. His

A NEW SORT OF THRILLER

THE shell that blinded Giles Gordon was to start a curious sequence of events; events that began like a wild-goose chase over Europe. First, jilted by his fiancée. . . . But to tell more would be to reveal the unique plot of *Night Without Stars*, a thriller with a difference. Its author, Winston Graham (he wrote the film *Take My Life* and two more you haven't seen yet), is a brilliant specialist in the art of mixing mystery and realism. The first exciting instalment of his new book, with magnificent colour illustrations by K. J. Petts . . .



Winston Graham

begins in John Bull next week

an actor. Well, was. Maxton Milne." "Maxton Milne?" Mrs. Duke sent her memory searching round corners.

"*The Cardinal's Hat*," said Mr. Duke. "When we were courting."

"No! Of course. I remember. Maxton Milne. Oh, I say. What's he like?"

"A very entertaining man," said Mr. Duke. "The things he can tell you—" "Tell me all about it!"

The next day Maxton Milne surprised Mr. Duke by coming along the sunny side of Trent Hill. He surprised him all over again by stopping.

"Good afternoon to you," he said. "There's a detail I forgot to mention to you yesterday. You're sure to be interested. Most amusing." He sat on the seat. "About when I first took *The Cardinal's Hat* on tour. . . ."

So that Mr. Duke was able to tell his wife later that he had spent another afternoon with the Star Turn.

"And," he said, "he's promised to bring some old photographs tomorrow."

"He must have taken a fancy to you," said Mrs. Duke. "Did you tell him we once saw him in that play of his?"

"There wasn't any time," said Mr. Duke. "He had so much to say about taking *The Cardinal's Hat* on tour."

"Tell him tomorrow," said Mrs. Duke. And the next afternoon, over the tea:

"Did you tell him?" "Well, you see," said Mr. Duke, "I never got a chance. What with the old photographs."

Suddenly Mrs. Duke said, "I wonder if he'd care to come to tea?"

"Oh," said Mr. Duke. "Well . . . well, I don't know."

She said he could ask him, and he said

wife looked at him anxiously. "What is the matter, dear?" she said. "Feeling all right?"

"You'll be late on the hill if you don't hurry. Mr. Milne will think you're not coming. Look—here's your hat."

He took his hat and went out. Through the window she saw him hesitate at the gate. She wondered if he had heard something from the doctor which he was keeping back. Ten minutes later he returned.

"Something wrong, dear?" she asked. "Didn't you go to your old seat?"

He shook his head. "Why not?"

"I peeped round the corner, then I turned back. He was there."

He sat and looked at her with a pained expression. "I can't stand any more of it! That confounded play, and how good he was in it! *Cardinal's Hat*—*Cardinal's Hat*—*Cardinal's Hat*! It's all he talks about. He goes on and on and on and on!"

She told him not to get excited. She said she'd heard that actors were like that.

"I've solved the mystery about him," said Mr. Duke. "He's never with anybody because everybody else has had some! They dodge when they see him coming, that's what it is! I'm new, and he's got me where he wants me. Well, I'm having no more of it."

He was shaking with indignation. She sat by his side, soothing him.

"And I did like going up to the seat there in the afternoon. I used to look forward to it. It was my treat. Now I daren't go. He turns up at once."

"You'll have to find somewhere else," said his wife. "The doctor won't let

you stay indoors all day, you know."

"Somewhere else?" said Mr. Duke. "Where else?"

"You could walk round the park."

"Park!" snorted Mr. Duke.

But park it was. There was nowhere else. When he got back she asked him what he'd done. He said he'd sat in the shelter beside the lake. She asked him what he'd seen and he said "Ducks."

"Ducks?" she repeated. "Ducks!" he snapped.

And the next day he said he'd seen ducks. Every day he said he'd seen ducks. He began to look a sick man and his wife began to worry. And he began to worry because she began to worry. He remembered the happy little teas when he was able to bring home his bits of gossip from the top of Trent Hill. Scraps of news that didn't mean a thing, really, and yet they meant everything. And now all he could tell her about was ducks.

"I'll have to do something about it," he told himself one afternoon as he sat in the shelter staring at the ducks. "I'll have to make something up or she'll think I'm having a rough time."

So when he got home for tea he told her he'd met a man who had been three times round the world but never been up to London. And the next day he told her he'd been talking to a man who couldn't stand the shape of eggs. And the third day he produced a man with five christian names all starting with P. Every day at teatime he brought home the report of some trivial encounter with an oddity who existed only in his imagination.

"There!" said Mrs. Dukes. "And you thought you'd nowhere to go. It strikes me you have a better time in the park than you used to have on your old seat."

BUT she noticed he didn't look any better as the weeks went by. She put it down to the pain in his chest. She could not know that he was coming to the end of his imaginary acquaintances and was wondering what he was going to do next. So that when, one day, she seemed to startle him, she did not guess why.

"I'll come with you to this park shelter on Friday," she said. "You meet such interesting people there. You can introduce me to some of them."

On Thursday afternoon Mr. Duke sat looking at the ducks on the park pond with panic all over him. One of the park-keepers came along and stopped for a word. He was the only real person who had spoken to Mr. Duke in all the time he had been coming to the shelter, and even he talked only about the weather.

"I reckon, sir," said the park-keeper, weather over, "you're our most regular regular here. You must be very fond of watching the ducks."

"Can't stand 'em," said Mr. Duke. "Can't stand them?" said the park-keeper.

"Ducks," said Mr. Duke. "These ducks. I hate 'em!"

The park-keeper looked perplexed.

"Why do it then, sir?" he asked.

"That," said Mr. Duke, "is a long story." He took a deep breath. "Do you know an actor man, name of Maxton Milne?"

"I know the man you mean, sir," said the park-keeper. "Never spoke to him, of course, but I knew him by sight well enough. Full of himself, I believe. If all you hear is true he was a one!"

"Was?" said Mr. Duke.

"Had something wrong with his chest or something," said the park-keeper. "Went off to Australia about four months ago. I remember hearing once—"

But that was as much as Mr. Duke ever found out about what the park-keeper remembered hearing once. He was on his way to a little seat at the top of Trent Hill. He had forgotten the pain in his chest. He hadn't felt so well for days.

BOP GOSPELLER

by DENNIS HOLMAN

The disciple of bop—the new jazz cult—hopes to spread the craze in Britain. Enthusiastic fans in Sloppy-Joe suits call it “music from the soul.” Lovers of “sweet and low” are not amused



Bebop at Chingford. Britain will get small doses of bop at first. Real hot stuff will come later

IN THE HUMID SEMI-DARKNESS of the basement there is a mass of bodies hopping and teetering in unison. “Oop-pop-a-da!” somebody is singing. “Bli ah bu du la! Be bli bop! Oop-pop-a-da!”

“Bells, man! That baby’s a killer!” a Negro screams as the musicians abruptly cease playing. A pause, and clapping swells up round the dais as a young man rises with a microphone.

“And now, boys and girls,” he says, “here’s ‘Ladybird’ and something that will knock you down—Tadd Dameron, the man who wrote it!” Applause:

“Tadd has just arrived from the States. This date with you is the first in his diary. Boys and girls, I give you Tadd Dameron, the Disciple, the High Priest, the Brain, the Svengali of Bop!”

A Negro steps up on to the dais, sits at a piano, bares his teeth, curls his pink lips as if in pain and attacks the keyboard. Nine other instruments blare out, and for eight minutes they go on blaring, while the massed audience resumes its hopping, and a few couples begin jiving and pulling at each other at the edge of the crowd.

When they stop again, as abruptly as before, Tadd Dameron gets up, bows, steps down from the dais, and is mobbed.

“One of the biggest little guys in modern music,” remarks a jazz expert. “If it wasn’t for Tadd there wouldn’t be any bop here except on records. He arranged it and commercialized it so that it could be played all over the world.”

Held Court In Mayfair

After the Paris Jazz Festival, Tadd came to Britain on a goodwill mission. He was set up in a Mayfair flat. Here he interviewed a succession of callers and here he held musical court, sitting at a diminutive piano, his spatulate fingers caressing the chords. He had come over to Britain to spread the gospel of a new kind of jazz music known as bop or bebop.

Tadd’s success had occurred as dramatically as success only seems to occur in America or in American films. One week he was earning £25, and the following week, after he had won the *Esquire* Oscar as the most promising new star of the year, his salary was £190. That was in 1947.

In 1948 he won the New York Radio Award as the best pianist and arranger in radio, and by the end of the season he had grossed £25,000. Last April he was given a statuette by the *Pittsburg Courier* as the most advanced Negro musician in 1949.

He takes a cigarette from a gold case and lights it with a gold lighter. “Solid gold,” he tells you. “This lighter cost 187 dollars.” He is wearing a gold watch on a heavy gold expanding strap, and a curiously shaped gold ring.

His immaculately cut suit is pale blue, with the jacket reaching well down his thighs. His shirt is pure silk and his tie is hand painted. From just under his lower lip the merest tuft of a goatee beard is sprouting; he fingers it unconsciously.

Tadd was born thirty-two years ago in Cleveland, Ohio, a few yards away from the foremost bop trumpeter, John “Dizzy” Gillespie. As in the case of Dizzy, Tadd’s whole family—father, mother, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins, and their husbands and wives—all lived together in rowdy musical community. All were musicians.

Tadd was the only member of the family who was never given music lessons; his father had decided that since music had never got

the family anywhere, Tadd should try something else. "Don't touch that piano, boy," the old man used to say. "Jus' you go out and make money sellin' things."

But Tadd had started playing at four. At fifteen he was the best of the Damerons on the keys. At seventeen he got a job singing in an orchestra, but found himself continually drowned by saxes, trumpets, drums, because the man who arranged the numbers only thought in terms of instruments.

So Tadd learned to read and write music so as to arrange vocal numbers for himself. It took him six months. Since then he has become the leading backroom boy of modern jazz.

How Bop Began

We were gathered round Tadd in his living-room. The conversation was about bop, boppers, bop in America, bop in Europe, and Tadd got talking about the old days: he was in on the birth of bop early in the forties.

He turned to the piano, limbering up through a few chord changes, and went into his story: "We were sick of that sticky two-beat stuff . . ." he began.

In order to get away from it, a group of young Negroes, Tadd included, used to meet after hours at Minton's Playhouse, an uptown jazz spot on 118th Street. There was Tadd's childhood neighbour, Dizzy Gillespie, now possessed of a fabulous trumpet technique; Thelonious Monk, a solemn young Negro who played the piano; Kenny Clarke, a drummer; and a well-known alto saxophonist called Yardbird Parker.

At Minton's the word "be-bop" was invented. Dizzy was trying to show a bass player how the last two notes of a phrase should sound. "It goes like this," Dizzy sang, "be-bop! be-bop! be-bop!"

Some bop devotees say that "the Monk," as the sombre, scholarly Thelonious is called, was the true originator of bop. The Monk evolved a style that intrigued his colleagues. He used to experiment and they used to join in.

Other boppers say that in order to drive away the white musicians who insisted on sitting in on all sessions, the Negroes would play chords that only they could understand. "We were influenced by Stravinsky and Schoenberg," is Tadd's explanation.

Entirely Off-key

Dizzy's playing was almost entirely off-key, a technique which irritated most of the other musicians who frequented the club. Yet in less than two years he had become a jazz sensation. Well-known musicians were imitating his playing style and bop, a kind of cubistic jazz, had become the jazz of tomorrow.

Breaking away from the steady four-in-the-bar rhythm and the usual improvisation round a melody within its harmonic structure, bop players made greater use of the flattened fifth note of the scale and dissonance, with unusual rhythms to punctuate their effects.

You had to be expert to appreciate it properly. Nevertheless, Gillespie had also gathered a following of non-playing fans who were closely imitating his mannerisms of dress and



Bebop Tadd Dameron at piano. He was sick of sticky two-beat stuff

speech. According to Tadd, in a short while these fans or boppers had become another American phenomenon. They were wearing blue berets, dark glasses and Sloppy-Joe outfits, sporting Gillespie tufts of hair under the lower lip and smoking meerschaum pipes in the Gillespie style.

Once in St. Louis, it was reported, Gillespie's photograph appeared in a newspaper showing the bottom button of his shirt unfastened. Next day American boppers were also leaving their shirts partly unbuttoned.

Battered Trumpets

When Gillespie took his band to Europe on a concert tour he happened, once in Paris, to blow on an old battered trumpet. It is said that the next day French bop trumpeters were mutilating their instruments to resemble his.

Fans who were too young to grow their own goatees took to planting artificial tufts of hair on their underlips. And one bopper had a dog that wore dark glasses and was trained to bite on a meerschaum pipe. The craze has by no means abated; now it is catching on over here.

With the gospel of bop from America comes the language of bop. British boppers are now calling each other Pops, Daddy and Dick. They say of a great bop player that he is "it," "real crazy," "a bitch" and "a killer." Their expressions of approval include "Cool!" "Gone!" "Bells, man!" And they use the word "eyes" to express want or desire: "Have you got eyes for a hamburger?" they say.

Tadd intends arranging and composing bop numbers for our leading dance bands.

"Small doses of bop at first," explains band leader Tito Burns. "The 'squares' over here couldn't swallow the real hot stuff right away—stuff like Dizzy's 'Night In Tunisia.'"

"Squares" are those who like their jazz both lush and sweet.

Tito Burns leads a small band that tours the country playing one-night stands wherever there are people who

want to listen to modern jazz. Tito was the first of Tadd's fellow-travellers in Britain, and the first to give jazz fans outside London a taste of what Tadd Dameron himself is to bring them. Tito knows what he is saying when he talks about jazz clubs.

Jazz clubs, he says, vary in character with the district. Here and there you'll find isolated pockets of specialized taste. In Reading, for instance, they prefer Dixieland; but Manchester's clubs are most progressive; and in Chingford there's a place where, if you played anything but modern stuff, you'd be booed off.

Tito finds British reaction varied to his particular brand of bop; he has of necessity to strike some compromise between the danceable and the out-and-out firewater. "You'll find," he goes on, "that the word 'bop' is known, but bop music is not." Some English clubs are fallow fields, just waiting for the gospel. "It's quite

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Personal Justice

SUPPOSE we all consider ourselves just in our dealings with others. But how many of us really are? For justice, unless we understand its real meaning, can often be harsh and unfeeling.

The best definition I know of a just man is well over 2,000 years old. It says:

"The just man is not he who does no man an injury but he who, being able to inflict it, does not wish to do so."

It is not necessarily just to treat everyone according to his deserts. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is not good enough.

To be sure of being just we must have wisdom and understanding. We must abound in tolerance.

Then we shall not only seem just; we shall be just.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

pathetic. They'll take anything—so long as it is noisy and has the tag 'bop.' But they don't really know what 'makes,' because I've seen them go mad over 'Twelfth Street Rag.'"

In all England, according to Tito, there are only two clubs where you'll get your bop "neat." One club is in Manchester. The other is just off Piccadilly, round the corner from Archer Street, London's jazz musicians' labour exchange.

The London club was started by eleven musicians as a co-operative venture. All have jobs in various orchestras, earning their bread and butter out of the lush and sweeter music they provide for London's nightclubbing public. But bop is what they are said to play for soul expression; Tadd calls bop his "soulphony"—music from the soul.

To those who've heard bop, the word "soulphony" may sound impossible, for bop seems ear-splitting, frantic, tuneless, as unappetizing a musical morsel as there could be, quite unsingable, practically undanceable, almost unlistenable, and for most musicians virtually unplayable.

The success of the cult in Europe may be gauged from the fact that Tadd Dameron and his bop quintet were acclaimed as one of the sensations of the Paris Jazz Festival this summer.

Detractors allege that a large number of musicians have to resort to smoking "reefers" in order to play the best bop, but "It's a lie!" were the words with which one of our leading bop exponents countered the allegation. It's hard to say what a bop club reeks of, apart of course from heated bopping, and as one becomes accustomed to the gloom, the youth of the boppers seems to belie the witches' sabbath first impression of the place.

Energetic Jivers

Typical boppers are Rickie Scott, aged twenty, a motor mechanic, and Joy Parker, nineteen, a Post Office telephonist from Maidstone. Rickie wears dark glasses, loose jacket and his shirt outside floppy trousers; Joy is conventionally attired. They like fast modern jazz and they go bopping regularly for two hours' energetic jiving three evenings a week.

Rickie and Joy are hardly distinguishable from most of the members. They couldn't afford to go to, say, the Nightingale, where Ambrose and his band catered for older, more affluent, more conventionally attired patrons. But the Nightingale had nothing the boppers want, for Ambrose's band is square.

Mentioning Ambrose to Tadd, Tito Burns tells of the famous British band-leader's first reaction to bop. Some of Tito's boys had gone over to Ambrose, including Ronnie Scott, considered by some as our leading tenor saxist. The night Tito went to see Ambrose, some of the musicians asked if they might play a bop number while their "square" leader was dining.

Ambrose agreed and sat eating, listening. "Is this supposed to be good?" he asked Tito.

"Cool!" Tito assured him.

"Will somebody tell me," Ambrose begged, "when the melody is going to begin!"

Birthplace of the New Europe?

by MATTHEW HALTON

Apt that Strasbourg, cockpit of many wars, should become an H.Q. for peace. Apt, too, that a "mixed" people, the Alsatis, should be hosts to Europe

IT WAS A rare stroke of imagination to choose Strasbourg as the seat of the Assembly and Council of Europe.

Dining with me in the Kammerzell, a marvellous fourteenth-century restaurant at the foot of the cathedral, a notable Alsatian, Jean Knittel (Editor of *Les Dernières Nouvelles de Strasbourg*), said what many Alsatis feel:

"I do not love the Germans. My son was in a German concentration camp and barely escaped with his life. In both world wars tens of thousands of young Alsatis were conscripted into the German Army. Many of them were captured by the Russians, and of these 14,000 have not come back. Some of us wish that Germany could be wiped off the map of Europe.

"But, of course, a great nation cannot be wiped off the map. The only solution, then, is the radically opposite one: the reconciliation of Germany and France in a federation of Europe. We feel that this first meeting of the Parliament of Europe—though it hasn't yet got legislative or executive powers—is the biggest thing in our 2,000 years. The French and Germans have fought a thousand battles for our blue eyes. We've changed our nationality five times in a hundred years. It's about time to settle down!"

Statue In Mourning

Into this city the Germans poured 20,000 shells in the first battle of the 1870 war, and they partly destroyed the magnificent cathedral. For forty-eight years the statue representing Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde in Paris was draped in black.

In 1918 Strasbourg returned to France. In 1940 she was German again—and once more the Alsatis were conscripted to fight France. Then, in 1944, freedom again. First came the American bombers—and bombers spare neither foe nor friend. Hundreds of people were killed, ancient treasures were destroyed. Finally the First French Army entered the city "so dear to France."

I met a youth in Strasbourg who told me that his great-great-grandfather had been impressed into Napoleon's armies and killed at Waterloo; that his great-grandfather was killed

fighting the Germans in 1870; that his grandfather, conscripted by the Germans, was killed in 1917; and that his father was captured in Russia in the late war and has not returned.

The Alsatis can tell you many stories like that. They are more anxious than most for the French and Germans to bury the hatchet.

Sitting at the crossroads of Europe for nearly 2,000 years, Strasbourg has pretty well seen it all. Strasbourg, in a way, is the history of Europe. The bloody Thirty Years' War, the War of the Spanish Succession, the War of the Austrian Succession, the wars of the French Revolution, the War of 1870 and, finally, the German wars of our own time—in all these Strasbourg has played her turbulent part.

Only Way To Survive

Are the division and fratricide of Europe—of which for centuries Strasbourg has been the symbol—now to end? If Europe is to survive, they must. There are no Germans sitting in the Assembly of Europe this year, except as observers, but there will be next year. And most of the other Europeans agree that the only way to harness the dark fury in the German character is to integrate it into a federation. The French themselves are reconciled to this, the one solution.

The Strasbourgeois are stoutly French in sentiment, but for the best of reasons they want to see a federal Europe with Germany included. They believe it would clip the fierce wings of German military ambition and at the same time bring out the great qualities of the Germans to the benefit of the whole federation.

The Alsatis themselves are the excellent example of what a marriage of Frenchman and German could produce. The spirited charm and intelligence of France and the solidity and order of Germany are mixed and mingled in their blood, their manners, their culture, their religion, their architecture and even in their cooking. German heaviness is leavened by French wit—and French lack of community discipline is leavened by German love of order.

Though the educated classes speak and prefer the French language, the majority of the people speak a German dialect. But almost all the shop signs



Lofty Strasbourg University: will it be Europe's "House of Commons"?

and advertisements in the streets of Strasbourg are in French, because few like to admit they are not basically French.

The people have just as good a conceit of themselves as the Scots. Like the Scots *vis-à-vis* the English, they regard themselves as having superior virtues to the other French. They tell you themselves: "We are more thrifty and hard working. We are more bourgeois, more 'respectable.' We evade income tax somewhat less than the French! We have better social legislation. We have the Protestant virtues."

The de Gaulle Fans

Strasbourg is the most Protestant city in France. Forty per cent of her people are Lutherans and Calvinists.

Politically the people are Conservative. There are few Communists and not many Socialists. The two strongest parties are the moderate Conservative Popular Republicans and the Right Wing de Gaullists. A prominent citizen told me seriously that de Gaulle is popular because he is a general. "We are German enough to love famous soldiers," he said. "Our principal square is called after Kleber, one of Napoleon's marshals, simply because he happened to be born here."

Cross the Rhine today from Stras-

bourg into Kehl, on the German side, and you pass from virile and resurgent prosperity into a scene of destruction and decay. The shattered concrete strongpoints of the Siegfried Line are still there, the damaged buildings are unrepaired.

The French have changed some of the street names. Rheinstrasse, for example, has become rue de l'Alamein. "Foolish, isn't it?" remarked a French soldier. "The Germans will change the names back again some day." But in Strasbourg now there are more hopeful feelings.

For a thousand years idealists, "visionaries," have talked about a concert of Europe, dreamed of a day when the internecine feuds might end. It is too soon to say they have ended. But the concept of a federation has become more than a dream.

Delegates from the Parliaments of ten nations, gathered into an Assembly of Europe, sit in the main hall of Strasbourg University, and the Foreign Ministers who form the Council of Europe meet in the mayor's parlour. "The United States of Europe has not yet arrived," says the mayor, Charles Frey, "but it is on the way."

MATTHEW HALTON, who wrote this article, is a well-known broadcaster and doyen of Canadian reporters in Europe

Life aboard the "Elizabeth" by GEOFFREY WILLANS



The New York skyline from the decks of *Queen Elizabeth* as she leaves Pier 90—a sketch by Francis Marshall

Up 'top there's cocktails with the captain and whoopee in the bar, but down below housey-housey is the favourite

THEY SAY THE most dangerous street in New York is the West Side Highway along Hudson River when the *Queen Elizabeth* is berthed at Pier 90: motorists are so busy looking at the ship they forget the car in front or the pedestrian stepping off the sidewalk.

The *Queen Elizabeth*, ten feet longer than her sister ship, the *Queen Mary*, is the biggest in the world.

Her size is important today, with Britain trying to break last year's record in tourist trade. Between May and September the *Queen Elizabeth* will have arrived in Southampton ten times, bringing an estimated 15,000 Americans with dollars to spend.

Her normal passenger complement of 2,000 rises to 2,300 in the tourist season. The main stores are taken on in New York. 1,700,000 gallons of fuel oil and almost the same amount of fresh water have to be pumped in, six miles of carpet cleaned and 100,000 pieces of linen changed. It is like putting 2,000 people out of an hotel

and another 2,000 in again: all in a normal turn-round time of two and a half days.

As the ship, with ten tugs holding her, swings into the tide, you catch a glimpse of the captain, a mere speck on the wing of the bridge: Commodore Charles Musgrave Ford, sixty-one years old, tall, bluff and silver-haired.

Captain's Guests

On the captain rests the responsibility for the safety of the ship and its 3,500 passengers and crew. But entertainment is also part of his job and, weather permitting, fortunate passengers next day will be given a printed card presenting the Commodore's compliments and requesting the pleasure of their company for cocktails in his quarters.

Passengers—usually eight—honoured with an invitation to sit at the captain's table in the Main Restaurant are selected from a short list. Normally, these V.I.P.s are British and American, but on the *Queen Elizabeth's* maiden peacetime voyage,

the table was occupied by Molotov and Vishinsky, Spaak, the Belgian Prime Minister, and Jan Masaryk, of Czechoslovakia.

Molotov, despite his heavily guarded cabin, was often to be seen walking on the boat deck. He was allowed on the bridge to steer the ship: and New York papers claimed afterwards that it veered to the left.

There is usually a fine mixture of celebrities in the first-class accommodation: Molotov and Churchill; Joe Louis and Christian Dior; Gracie Fields and Edith Sitwell; Mae West and Vishinsky. But the *Queen Elizabeth* is not crammed with the rich and famous. Cabin- and tourist-class passengers outnumber the first-class by more than 600.

In these classes travel college professors, business men, students, immigrants and a large proportion of tourists of average means. The tourist fare for a single crossing is £41, and for that the passenger will probably get one berth in a simple four-berth cabin, with one wash basin and chest of drawers.

He can use the tourist cinema and lounge and has access to the tourist sports deck by special lift. A cabin steward looks after him, but does not clean his shoes. An average tip at the

end of the crossing is ten shillings.

The tourist purser organizes sports and indoor games, of which housey-housey is still favourite. At sing-song time he will ask for volunteers for a song: when nobody responds (they never do at first) he leads off himself.

There is no regular dance band for the tourist class, but one of the ship's bands plays there at stated times, and dance music is relayed by loud-speaker from the first-class. Dancing finishes early, unlike the first-class, where you can make whoopee in the Verandah Grill, sustained with champagne, bacon and eggs, until the small hours.

They Don't Say "Sir"

There is nothing to prevent a tourist passenger going into the first-class part of the ship on special invitation. If he does so without permission he is liable to be turned back by one of the masters-at-arms. "And," as one chastened tourist said, "he doesn't add 'sir.'"

Recently the captain broadcast in New York and paid a tribute to the work of the ship's kitchens, which in wartime trooping conditions turned out 15,000 meals a day. Comment on the broadcast by one of the cooks was: "Glad we've got a captain who knows there is a ruddy kitchen in this ship."

Enough food has to be brought on board in New York to serve 100,000 meals: 10,000 a day. Escalators bring it up in set order for storing in the refrigeration space: tinned foods first, then cereals, vegetables, meat, poultry, fish eggs and milk. Among the items are twenty tons of meat, 10,000 pounds of sugar, 1,000 lobsters and 10,000 pounds of ham and bacon.

The kitchens are staffed by 126 cooks under four chefs and a head chef. In the Main Restaurant, where the chief steward and the chef go into daily consultation on the menus, steak is still the favourite, despite the choice of trout, salmon, lobster, lamb, ham and beef. In every class there is real cream.

10,000 Turtles Loose

The ship's butcher (there is also a ship's gardener on each of the *Queens*) is responsible for all pets. Transatlantic fare for a cat is £2 10s. On the *Queen Mary* a crate of 10,000 live turtles once broke open in heavy weather and the turtles crawled about the butcher's shop. It is rumoured that some are still at large.

From fourteen-year-old pages to sixty-one year old captain, the whole ship's crew is playing a big part in the dollar drive. And the *Queen Elizabeth* herself is a floating advertisement for Britain.

She is 1,031 feet long and 83,673 gross tonnage; three locomotives could run abreast through her funnels; from keel to funnel top she is eighteen feet higher than Niagara Falls.

As an American once said: "A country that builds and runs a ship like this can't be finished."



Rolf's brown eyes were kind but intent. "Do you remember what you did this morning, Miss Brett?" he asked

Time on her mind

by **PETER GODFREY**

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

The strange weapon, the make-up on the corpse, the missing shoes—there were so many clues to the murder that each of the five asylum inmates must be suspect

FROM THE BATTERY, on Signal Hill, the midday gun boomed. The dull sound mushroomed out in the still South African air, shivered, and was gone. The little table clock in the dining-room started to strike. In the lounge the old grandfather clock cleared his throat preparatory to coughing out his deep chimes.

Miss Brett shook her head regretfully. It was all wrong, of course—the time was really half past three. All clocks would have to be altered. She sighed and rose.

The minutes crept by. In her room, plump Mrs. Fenwick opened her curtains slightly and gazed at the smartly cut pair of shoes on the sill. She reached out her hand to touch them, and then the temerity of her action froze her muscles. She remained, with her hand stretched

out, adoringly drinking in the symmetry of the shaped and fluted leather. She stood like this a very long time.

Upstairs, old Mrs. Calloran looked at the mark on the wall and made baby noises. She had looked at the same mark and made the same noises all the time Nurse Villiers had washed and dressed and fed her; she was much worse than usual today. The nurse thought something had upset her, but, of course, it was no use asking. So she left her cooing to the wall, and went out to gather the others together for lunch.

She found Miss Kemp flat on her stomach in the garden, peering fiercely through a rhododendron bush. As Nurse Villiers approached, she sprang up suddenly and said "Hush!" She continued quite conversationally:

"I'm looking for a tall man with a fair

moustache. I don't think you've met him, but he's my husband. The Jungle Queen kidnapped him, but I shot her with an arrow this morning, and now he's disappeared again. I must find him."

"Yes, yes," said Nurse Villiers soothingly. "Have you thought of the dining-room? He may have gone there for lunch. All the others are going, you know."

Miss Kemp went like a lamb. Mrs. Perry was peering in through the window of Sister Henshaw's office. When she turned round to look at Nurse Villiers, her eyes were full of tears. "Everyone is against me," she said.

"Oh, come now," said Nurse Villiers, "nobody hates you here—we're all your friends. You'll feel much better after lunch."

"You're not telling the truth," said Mrs. Perry. "Oh, it's too cruel. You

all lie to me. Even Sister Henshaw lies to me."

"Really?" said Nurse Villiers good-humouredly. "What about?"

"That knitting needle I lost. You know I looked everywhere for it and Sister said she hadn't seen it."

"Yes?"

"Well, look," said Mrs. Perry, pointing through the window. "She's had it all the time."

Nurse Villiers looked.

Until she caught a grip on herself, she felt the blood rushing from her head. Almost automatically she consoled Mrs. Perry, and led her gently to the dining-room. She saw all her charges settled and beginning the meal.

Then she went to the telephone and dialled a number frantically. A familiar voice came over the wire.

"Oh, thank God, doctor," she said. "This is Nurse Villiers here. Can you come over right away? Sister Henshaw is dead. Murdered. Yes, doctor, murdered, M-U-R—yes. No, it couldn't be anything else. Please come right away, doctor . . . please."

She put the receiver back on the rest, not to end the conversation, but because even that little action helped to steady her.

THE house was in the upper fringes of Oranjezicht, on the slopes of the mountain, and was set in large grounds surrounded by a high paling fence. It was called "The Haven."

The police came in two cars. In the larger were Detective-Sergeants Johnson and Botha, the medical examiner Dr. McGregor, and a uniformed driver. Inspector Dirk Joubert drove from Caledon Square in his own little Austin, and his uncle, Rolf le Roux, came with him. Dr. Patterson was waiting for them outside the wrought-iron gates.

"I want to make a statement," said Patterson, "but before I do, I would first like you to examine the body. There are certain things I should point out on the spot."

The time was then a quarter past two.

They went into the room, and the unseeing left eye of Sister Henshaw stared at them. From the right eye the end of a steel knitting-needle projected.

"The cause of death," said Patterson, "is obvious. But I want you to take particular note of the weapon."

"Any chance of fingerprints?" asked Joubert, but Johnson shook his head.

"Very doubtful," he said. "The surface of the needle is too small. Even if we find anything, it'll be doubtful if it'd be sufficient to make a positive identification."

McGregor was examining the body, peering carefully at the trickle of congealed blood on the right cheek. He met Joubert's inquiring gaze, and shrugged. "Not less than one and not more than four hours ago," he said. "I can't tell more certainly. But there is one thing here that is queer. There is powder on this blood trickle—someone powdered the corpse after death."

"I'm glad you noticed that," said Patterson. "I never looked closely enough myself, but I was going to point out the make-up to you. You see, Inspector, it's completely out of the ordinary. Sister Henshaw never used lipstick or rouge—and you'll note there's plenty of it on her face now."

He added: "As far as the time of death is concerned, I think I may be able to narrow it down for you."

"Yes?" said Joubert.

"Not now, Inspector—when I make my statement later. First there is just one more oddity I would like to point out. Her shoes."

Joubert squinted down at the body. "I see what you mean. She's not wearing any. But why is that particularly queer? After all, she seems to have laid down

on the sofa for a rest or a nap, and was probably attacked during her sleep, judging by the absence of signs of a struggle. She probably would remove her shoes before lying down."

"You're missing my point, Inspector. I happen to know she always does take her shoes off when about to lie down—but where has she put them? I've had a good look around, and I can't see them anywhere. To my mind, they've been removed, probably by the murderer."

Joubert said: "I think we should have a thorough search."

They did. They peered under furniture, opened drawers and cupboards. No shoes.

Then Rolf le Roux said, "Just a minute, Dirk." He was standing near the head of the couch, unlit pipe gripped between his white teeth and projecting beyond his bushy beard.

Joubert looked at him inquiringly.

Rolf took out his pipe to use as a pointer. "This matter of her make-up. I want you to note that the eyebrows were carefully pencilled before the powder was put on the face. You can see that because the powder is over the eyebrow pencil marks. But the rest of the make-up is also under the powder. In other words, each individual cosmetic was put on first, and then the face was powdered."

"And all this means—?"

Rolf shrugged. "I don't know at this stage, Dirk. Perhaps after we hear the statements. . . ."

THEY went into the little lounge adjoining, found seats, and made themselves comfortable. Patterson spoke up clearly and concisely, like a man used to marshalling his facts.

"I had better start with my personal connection with the affair," he said. "In the first place, 'The Haven' is a residential clinic for psychotics—in popular terms, a private lunatic asylum. It was owned by myself with Sister Henshaw as a full partner, and we have one other trained nurse as an assistant. At 1.15 p.m. today the assistant, Nurse Villiers, telephoned me at my house with the news that Sister Henshaw had been murdered. I rushed straight over here, inspected the situation without touching anything, and telephoned you immediately."

Joubert interrupted. "Where is Nurse Villiers now?"

"She's with the patients, Inspector. I will relieve her in a few minutes and send her to you. May I go on?"

"Yes."

"I don't know very much about normal police methods, but I am convinced this is not a rational crime, and any inquiries along normal channels are bound to be fruitless. For instance, if you were to ask me if Sister Henshaw had any enemies, I would have to tell you that I don't think she had a single friend. She was super-efficient, domineering, stubborn, and almost aggressively insulting to everyone she came across."

"I can speak from personal experience. I recently had an offer for this place which I thought we should accept, but Sister Henshaw refused. Nevertheless, she continually brought the offer up, for the sole purpose, apparently, of criticizing me for what she called my gullibility."

"You realize," said Joubert, "that you have just provided us with a possible motive for murder?"

"I am perfectly conscious of that," said Patterson, and smiled. "I am also conscious of the fact that you would find similar motives for every other person who knew her. I have told you my opinion as a psychiatrist that this isn't a rational crime. No, although I cannot name the murderer, I know where she is at this moment."

Rolf asked, "She?" and Joubert said, "Where?" at exactly the same time. Patterson answered both.

"Somewhere in this house," he said.

"We have five patients here at the moment—all women—and I am certain that one or the other of them is guilty of the crime. But which? During the original examination of these patients, I could not discern homicidal tendencies in any of them. If I had, the one concerned would never have been admitted here—we have no facilities for dealing with violent cases. Nor have I noticed anything subsequently which could give us a clue. It may be any of them."

Joubert said, "I see." He paused, and then added: "How about the time factor?"

"You will realize in a clinic like this it is necessary to adhere to a rigid routine in order not to upset the patients. Everything went by the clock. The day started at six-thirty, and various well-defined duties kept Sister Henshaw busy until eleven-thirty. At that hour sharp she went into her office to lie down and rest,

her, if that's what you're insinuating."

"Well," said Joubert, "perhaps you can enlighten me in another direction. You say that at ten minutes to one you looked through the window and found that Sister Henshaw had been murdered. How is it, then, that you didn't telephone Dr. Patterson until one-fifteen?"

"In a mental institution the first rule we learn is that under no circumstances must patients be upset. I kept to that rule. I took Mrs. Perry to the dining-room, saw all the others were settled and had started to eat lunch, and then I went to telephone."

"But surely Mrs. Perry had already been upset?"

"No, I don't think so—at least, not in the way you mean. I had the impression that she was preoccupied with the discovery of the missing needle, and didn't realize the significance of its . . . position."

Joubert nodded to Johnson, who closed



rising at 1 p.m. for lunch which was served to her in her office.

"She stayed in the office until I arrived to discuss cases and treatment with her at three o'clock sharp. During the period she was in the office, it was a rigid rule that she should not be disturbed until lunch."

"Nurse Villiers tells me the body was discovered at approximately 12.50 p.m., which means that the murder must have been committed within the eighty minutes preceding that time."

Joubert broke in: "I think perhaps we had better interview Nurse Villiers first and then the patients. Would you call her for us?"

Questioned by Joubert, Nurse Villiers told of her conversation with Mrs. Perry, and how she looked through the window.

"I understand," said Joubert, "that this was approximately at ten minutes to one?"

"Yes."

"I suppose it was quite a shock to you to see your employer murdered in so brutal a fashion?"

"Naturally."

"Did you go in and examine the body, to make sure she was dead?"

"It wasn't necessary, Inspector. I know death when I see it."

Joubert said, "I see," and then added almost casually, "And, of course, you hated her, too?"

Nurse Villiers sat up very straight. "Naturally I hated her. She wasn't a very likeable person. But I didn't murder

his notebook. They stood up. Nurse Villiers seemed surprised.

"Are you finished with me?" she asked.

"For the moment," said Joubert. "We are going on an inspection of the patients. We would like you to fetch Dr. Patterson, and then come round with us."

Joining the group, Patterson said: "I'm going to follow my regular round, if you don't mind. The first is Mrs. Perry, the owner of the weapon that killed Sister Henshaw. The clinical diagnosis of her case is paranoia—an insanity of delusions. She believes she is being persecuted. Her insanity dates from the time her husband left her."

He led them along a passage and knocked on a door, which he pushed open without invitation.

Mrs. Perry looked up wild-eyed from the bed on which she was sitting. "Oh, Doctor," she said. "It wasn't my fault. Really it wasn't my fault. I know everyone blames me, but I didn't mean it."

"Didn't mean what, Mrs. Perry?"

"Letting the patient die under the operation, Doctor. It wasn't my fault. The scalpel slipped, that was all."

"We all know it wasn't your fault, Mrs. Perry. I hear you've got good news for me? I hear you found your knitting needle?"

"Oh, no, Doctor, I thought I had, but I hadn't. I know where it is, though. Sister Henshaw has it, and she won't give it up. She hates me. I know she hates me. She had a look in her eye. . . ."

At a signal from Patterson, the police

party backed out into the corridor. They heard Mrs. Perry sobbing, and a soothing undertone of words; eventually the doctor and nurse joined them.

"The next," said Patterson, "is Miss Brett. Quite frankly, I don't know how to describe her case. She is perfectly normal, except for one morbid fixation. It appears that when she was a young girl her watch was wrong, and she missed an important appointment. Ever since then she spends the whole day ascertaining the time, and checking its correctness. You may question her yourself if you like."

He led them into the room and introduced them to Miss Brett. This time it was Rolf who asked the questions. His brown eyes were kind but intent as he looked at Miss Brett.

"Do you remember what you did this morning, Miss Brett?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I didn't waste a minute."

"Did you see Sister Henshaw go into her office?"

"Yes. That was at half-past eleven."

"Did you see anyone else go into the office?"

"No. I wasn't there, you see. I went round to check the clocks."

"And did you return a little later?"

"Yes. Just before the noon gun went off. There was something wrong with it today, though. It went off at the wrong time. I had to alter every clock in the house. It threw everything out, too. Lunch was later, everything was later. I wonder why it happened?"

As they left the room, Joubert said to Patterson: "She doesn't seem to be a murderous type."

Patterson looked at Nurse Villiers, and smiled. "As a matter of fact, Miss Brett is the only one of our patients who has ever given an indication of violence."

"It was the other afternoon. When we made our rounds, she was out of the room when we arrived—probably checking up the clocks somewhere—and Sister Henshaw tactlessly asked her why she was late. Miss Brett became hysterical and would have assaulted Sister Henshaw if Nurse and I hadn't intervened."

HE stopped opposite a third door. "I'm afraid we are going to get very little out of this patient, Inspector. She is what is technically termed a foot fetishist—the only real emotional response she gives is to feet or footwear. There are also symptoms of religious mania."

He turned the handle and walked in.

Mrs. Fenwick, coarse, crude and fat, knelt at the window, with an expression of ethereal spirituality in her eyes. She was gazing at a pair of shoes on the sill. Her lips were moving, but without sound. It was obvious that she was talking to the shoes. Just before she rose, Joubert saw, with a quiver of shock, that she mouthed the word "Amen."

Patterson questioned her, but her answers were meaningless.

Nurse Villiers suddenly shivered, and caught Joubert by the arm. "The shoes on the sill," she whispered. "Those are Sister Henshaw's. She was wearing them this morning."

"Tell me, Mrs. Fenwick," Patterson said sharply, "where did you get those shoes on the window?"

For the first time she seemed to understand. "They came," she said. "It was a miracle. They came with the pain of fire and the flash of steel. Let us pray."

She was down on her knees again and Patterson shrugged. They moved out of the room and went upstairs.

When Patterson asked Miss Kemp what she had been doing that morning she smiled knowingly. "I will tell the court martial," she said. "In the meantime it is a secret. Only you and I know, eh, Nurse?" She would say nothing more.

Outside the door, Nurse Villiers said: "I think I know what she meant when she talked about a secret. She told me

Continued on page 28



Elkan and Dorotheen Allan in their bus-cum-caravan. "Some aspects of America we knew we'd miss"

Farewell U.S.— we prefer Britain

Two young Britons, the Allans, made a coast-to-coast tour to discover the Real America. They asked themselves: "Should we settle in the States?" and decided "No." This summing up tells why **by ELKAN ALLAN**

AS THE JOURNEY in our home-made mechanical covered wagon neared its end, we had to face the question, "Do we want to stay in America?" Our friends there thought we were crazy even to think of coming back to austere Britain, and many people at home are puzzled as to why we ever returned.

In California we began making up our minds. One day, on the main road to Mexico, we were signalled to by an obviously Mexican peasant and an older Mexican woman. I stopped the bus, as I almost always did when any hitch-hiker asked for a lift, and the two Mexicans almost fell in, they were so exhausted.

After they had sipped a little milk and eaten some bread, they told us why they were so worn out. They had been walking for the last two days and nights, and, although they had signalled to every car

for the last hundred miles of this busy highway, no one would stop to give them a lift—simply because they were Mexican.

We had heard about how badly Negroes were treated and had seen some of the windowless shacks in which they had to live in the Deep South, but this was the first time we had come across race hatred in California.

We had a lot to learn. We were told that Mexicans in California are treated even worse, in some ways, than Negroes in the South.

Officer Keyes, a Los Angeles policeman, was charged with killing a teen-aged Mexican named José Salcido by pumping five bullets into the boy as he lay helpless on the ground.

This was a landmark in Californian law: the first time a policeman was brought to trial for murder of a Mexican.

We learnt the facts from lawyers in the case and rejoiced with a minority of white

people that Mexicans were getting justice at last.

But we had reckoned without American law. Officer Keyes was found not guilty on the ground that the district attorney failed to produce the gun!

Mexicans, Negroes, Indians, Jews—the treatment meted out to them in some parts of America amounts almost to persecution.

Reds—So-called

This contrasts oddly with all the talk of freedom one hears in America. And when—incautiously—we mentioned our doubts, few people saw what we meant. The usual reply was: "Say, you're talking like a Red."

We heard of dozens of Americans being tarred with this brush. Men of integrity, who were obviously a good deal less Communist than, say, Anthony Eden, were being sacked from their jobs because

someone who didn't like them said they had Communist leanings or read Communist newspapers.

We watched the presidential campaigns, designed to appeal solely to the emotions. We saw the backstage conniving that rigged a National Party Convention. We read of Mayor Curley, of Boston, who remained mayor at a huge salary while he served a jail sentence for fraud, being pardoned by Truman when his support was needed for the Democratic Party's campaign.

In a corrupt political system all politics are corrupt. We were in sympathy with many of the ideas expressed by Henry Wallace, but the methods used by his Progressive Party were just as ruthless as those of the others.

I, wearing my beard, was photographed shaking hands with Wallace (whom I had met when he was in England). Immediately afterwards, one of his *aides-de-camp* came up and denounced me as "a tool of the reactionaries."

"If they publish that picture with the caption 'Henry greets English socialist' I'll have to issue a statement," he said. I asked him what on earth he was talking about. "Look here, I don't care how Henry gets to be President as long as he does it," he said, expressing in a nutshell the American attitude to power.

Their Fairy-tale

The success of Truman in the election showed that people are not wholeheartedly behind an illiberal policy. But they are not moving quickly enough for the boatloads of emigrants from America who are settling in Australia.

The symptoms of what I learned to call American disease are to be found not only in incipient Fascism and corruption, but in the everyday life of the people.

They live by a fairy-tale: Once upon a time there was a wicked king called George III. He was overthrown by a group of heroes who immediately founded the perfect state where all men were free and equal. Since that day, America has been blessed by God, and remains the only free country in the world, where there is wealth waiting for anyone who works hard enough to get it.

Thus the most important people are those who make the most money.

Business is therefore the most highly respected profession. Young people spend years in college taking degrees in literature or mathematics and emerge to start buying and selling. The nicest thing *Time* could say about a leading psychiatrist was that he looked like a member of a chamber of commerce.

So it was no surprise to hear a member of the Cincinnati Country Club ("No Jews allowed") proudly boast that his son had exceeded his quota of sales in his first year out of college, or to hear another member praise a local racketeer with the commercial phrase, "He's a smart operator."

We could not pick up a newspaper or listen long to the radio without being subjected to quite unreal talks about American "democracy," and I daresay English cinemagoers have noticed similar tendencies in American films—for instance that priceless remark at the end of *Call Northside 777*, where the reporter points out that the freeing of an innocent man after many years in jail "could only have happened in this country."

There are signs that films are getting fluffier since Hollywood was warned that treatment of serious subjects was considered Red-inspired; most radio shows would be too light for our Light Programme; and they all build a picture of the security and superiority that is supposed to surround an American's family, home and place of birth.

If the nightmares won't go away, have a Coca-Cola, have another highball, have a fancy funeral in the Little Chapel in the



Mayor James M. Curley (centre) is greeted on leaving jail. His release savoured of politics coming before justice

Valley. Or come and stare, as we did in San Francisco, up a pole. On top of a flagpole in a main street there sat a man dressed as a cowboy. He was the world champion flagpole squatter, trying to beat his own record of something like forty days and nights perched up there. He had a telephone to keep him company, and his food was sent up to him on a pulley.

His pole was on the premises of "Hoss Trader Ed's Corral." Ed paid him to attract attention to the used cars he sold. The pole-squatter and all the salesmen dressed as cowpunchers to maintain the myth. We passed the spot returning from a party at 2 a.m. The pole-squatter was still up there, hunched on his saddle, asleep.

Only a very few people are rich enough not to feel the need for taking their minds off insecurity by such razzle-dazzling devices. And the reaction of the elite to the civilization they have helped to create is often to escape from it to a personal world where they are all-powerful and completely unchallenged.

Such a world is San Simeon, the home of William Randolph Hearst. He owns a chain of newspapers and supplies most of the comic strips and a good deal of the other features in many American newspapers not actually belonging to him.

He invited us to his castle. It is five miles above the magnificent, redwood-covered coast of Northern California and from it he can see only land which he owns. He is, in fact, monarch of all he surveys.

Item One: Private Zoo

San Simeon is approached through four gates, the first of which is on the road and is covered with notices saying "Keep Out." At the second a gate-keeper warned us not to get out of our bus between the next two, because the wild animals were dangerous. The third gate opened automatically as we approached it, and some kangaroos looked up, startled by the yellow intruder.

As we drove up the winding hill, watching the twin towers of the Grimms' Fairy Tale castle coming nearer, we saw zebras, camels, llamas and does, and there were snakes in the undergrowth. For this was the world's largest private zoo, guarding the world's wealthiest treasure house.

We were prepared for an unusual place by Orson Welles's film, *Citizen Kane*, which many, including Mr. Hearst, have said was a portrait from life. But in the

film, Xanadu was a bare mansion; San Simeon turned out to be overcrowded, to put it mildly.

We were met on the marble terrace by Hearst's cousin, who showed us round. This, she said, indicating the front door and surrounding area, used to be the front of a Spanish church. Mr. Hearst had it brought to California brick by brick. That wing used to be at Elsinore. That belfry came from Belgium. That tower from Holland.

Item Two: Treasure House

Inside the hallway, Donatellos were crushed up against ancient parchments used as lamp shades and the proceeds of an apparent raid on the older monasteries of Europe. Corregios were hung on the old English panelling. Priceless pokers lay on the hearth specially brought from Scotland. We could hardly move for treasures.

That Gobelin tapestry was worth two million dollars. That one was worth only a million and a half. Taken together, everything in the house, claimed our guide, was more valuable than the combined contents of the British Museum.

Alone, any of the thousands of pieces that made up the fantastic house would have been a compelling sight. But here, all together in a comparatively small space, they lost their individuality.

And—credible enough—everything was in use, though rarely for what it had been originally intended. For this was a home, the possession of a great possessor, the archetype of the American business man, who had "bought up" the world for his pleasure. There was nothing American in the whole house, so far as we were shown in the hours we were there.

Hearst, the owner, is the only American item there.

There was a swimming-pool, brought tile by tile from ancient Greece. Around it lay the original statues of naked Grecian women, and there was one addition, an obviously modern statue, also naked, with a face that I seemed to have seen on the screen.

An attendant was cleaning the pool. He told us he did so every day. And, with an appealing glance at our guide, he asked us if we would like a swim. "I'll go down to the boiler and heat it up right away," he said. "You see, nobody's been in for six months."

We left—by a cleverly designed one-way route which showed us the house from new angles—and were sick at heart.

I thought of the trailer-slum we had stayed in, and the shacks in the South. But I looked back at San Simeon Castle, and understood the reasons for Hearst's anti-labour policy.

It was at San Francisco that we had finally to make up our minds whether to go north into Canada and emigrate into the United States from there, or turn back east and home.

The city itself, so unlike the rest of American cities and refreshing in its seven great hills that break up the inevitable pattern of straight streets and clanging trolley-cars which are the only vehicles that can climb the worst of them, spoke eloquently for the best of America. The great municipal bridges, the atmosphere of good living, and the kindness of the people there and at Big Sur, a colony of artists and writers to the south, made us seriously consider immigration.

Things We Enjoyed

And we were loth to give up some material pleasures we had been enjoying for the last months.

We liked to be able to buy eggs, and a little extra food for a special treat, to be warm in furnace-heated homes, not to have to worry about petrol, to have three-penny melons and grapefruit for breakfast, to use both bars of an electric fire without a bad conscience ("the more electricity you use, the cheaper it is," said the company's ads).

If we left we should miss the cleanliness of American restaurants and the appetizing food in even the cheapest little cafés

—not the food itself so much as the fact that it was usually well-cooked and freshly served. Hamburgers and hot dogs would be a loss, too. And we should miss the bright, clean soda-fountains in the drug stores.

The country itself was so fantastically rich and exciting to be part of; the people so friendly and welcoming; and some achievements—like the T.V.A. and National Parks—so good.

With misgiving, we recalled the alternative, England, a grey-cold country, with years of struggle before it. We thought of rations and high prices, shabbiness and gloom.

But all that was not enough to balance the debit side of staying. There was the honesty of Britain, its care for its people, and the widespread social services, of which there is not even a hint in America, where no one but a millionaire is free from the thought that a serious illness may easily ruin him. And, above all, the tolerance of Britain.

So we crossed the Golden Gate Bridge and headed east over the desert and mountains. The sun crashed down out of the skies until the engine would not cease boiling over. But the decision made, I pushed onwards, without enough thought for the suffering motor.

When we put water in the radiator at Lovelock, Nevada, oil and water poured out beneath. The cylinder head was cracked.

Faced with the choice of paying \$200 we did not have, to replace the engine, and an offer of \$235 from the local junk man, we could not hesitate. We took the money and finished the journey across the continent by train; handsome, silent streamliners they were, with sweepers coming round every hour or so, and attendants with coffee and newspapers. There was even a man who sold handkerchiefs made out of cactus when we were passing through the cactus country.

Hotel Was Cheaper

Each evening we stopped off to sleep at the first hotel near the station we found. This was cheaper than sleeping on the train, because a first-class ticket is necessary for that. "Coach" passengers such as ourselves, who stayed on the train right across the country for four nights, had to sit up the whole time—or, at best, lounge in seats that tipped backwards.

We were sorry to say goodbye to America, as the liner drew out of New York Harbour, and we were a little pessimistic about coming back to Britain.

We need not have been. We have found conditions here very much better than we remembered—improved food supplies, more to eat off the ration; clothes now free of coupons and far better in quality than American; restrictions gradually ending and prices beginning to settle; the national health and insurance schemes in operation; buildings going up, a fresh coat of paint here and there.

We're glad to be back—and we mean it.



Route Allans took: down south, west to Pacific, back to New York

He lives by the sword

by IDRIS HARRINGTON

WHEN A National Fencing Coach for Great Britain was appointed last January, one sportsman was heard to remark: "That guy will have a harder time finding fencers than teaching them how to fence." The sportsman was expressing a pretty general opinion. How many people in this country, he wondered, know the rules of fencing, have ever seen a fencing match except on the pictures, or could name a well-known fencer?

"The number is far more than you would imagine," is the reply of Professor Roger Crosnier.

Crosnier is our National Fencing Coach, appointed as part of the Amateur Fencing Association's scheme to raise the general standard of fencing in this country. The scheme is subsidized by a grant from the Ministry of Education and assisted by the General Committee for Physical Recreation.

An Eye-opener

Crosnier works with area representatives of the G.C.P.R. They select leaders from affiliated clubs, and these Crosnier visits for a four weeks' training course. So far he has covered the north of England, down to Wales, through the south-west and into the southern counties. His progress report for the last seven months is an eye-opener.

"I have no doubt I can raise British fencing up to Continental standard in five years," he promises. "You will have a formidable team for the 1956 Olympics."

Crosnier became our national coach because, says Charles de Beaumont, secretary of the A.F.A., "he is probably the best man in the world for the job."

The son of Leon Crosnier, for thirty years a fencing master in London and Scotland, Roger Crosnier was brought up in Edinburgh. He began fencing with his father at the age of six, and in 1930, at twenty-two, took highest honours when qualifying as a *Maitre d'Armes* in Paris.

He has since become one of the leading swordsmen on the Continent, not only as a master, but as a member of the French professional team for the last five years, and three times runner-up in the French Professional Championships.

It is said that the British don't make good fencers, that most of the best British fencers have foreign blood in their veins, that what you need as a fencer is "temperament," and that the British have never been temperamental enough to master the art of killing with a lot of unpronounceable thrusts and flourishes.

"Yet," argues Crosnier, "you have the necessary attributes for fencing—dash, speed, eye and stamina. Fencing, I can assure you, is quite as exhausting as top-class tennis."

Foil, Épée, Sabre

Three weapons are used in modern fencing—the foil, épée and sabre. The foil has always been a practice weapon, academic and conventional, restricted in its target and bound by rules and regulations. The épée is the old duelling weapon; it is faster and more exciting than the foil, and every thrust on the body counts. The sabre has evolved from the cavalry weapon, and sabre fighting is cut and thrust. Often when antagonists strip after a sabre encounter their arms and shoulders bear the weals of sabre cuts.

After some saluting palaver, play in fencing is confined to a narrow strip

People don't say "Choose your weapon" to Roger Crosnier. It's swords for him every time. As professor of fencing, he aims to put Britain on its mettle



Professor Roger Crosnier puts class through "on guard" paces. Blade points are covered by twine "buttons"

known as the *piste*, of prescribed width and length, the object being to score most hits. One reason why a man like Crosnier is necessary is that it is practically impossible to learn fencing from a book. It is an intricate science which is complicated further by as many technical terms in French as one would encounter in a ballet textbook. Skill is four-fifths of a fencer's success; after years of learning all the different strokes and when to apply them, he can then go on perfecting each stroke individually.

Watching Olympic matches with a pencil and paper, Crosnier noted the strokes used. "In the final," he says, "I saw thirty-two different attacks used. The winner, Bühan, scored with sixteen, repeating himself only three times."

At the last A.F.A. census, Charles de Beaumont assessed the number of clubs at 250 and the fencers at about 5,000. But, he agrees, a lot must have happened since then, because Crosnier has seen clubs springing up all over the country. In and near Street, a little town in Somerset with 4,453 inhabitants, Crosnier found nine fencing clubs with plenty of virile inter-club competition.

Seasoned British fencers, long used to anonymity, have found this sudden enthusiasm for fencing quite unaccountable. It has been attributed to young men and women picking up the rudiments in the Services and abroad and wanting to keep it up in civilian life.

I met Flight Lieutenant Newton on one of Crosnier's courses at Cosford, an

R.A.F. station in Shropshire. Newton learned fencing in the R.A.F. At home, in his little Cotswold town, he bought a set of weapons and equipment and called on a friend to induce him to fence. The friend was interested, and he in turn called on another friend. Now the club has six fighting members—two Servicemen, a typist, a veterinary surgeon, a farmer and a farm labourer.

Fencing clubs have sprung up in business houses, factories, schools, parish halls and miners' lodges. In Southampton, Crosnier visited a club to find eighteen boys and girls fencing with little more protection than blouses or shirts. The memory of it gives Crosnier gooseflesh. "A blade had only to break," he says, "and they might have had to carry out a corpse."

Accidents Are Rare

But accidents are rare. Modern blades do not come to a point, but to four prongs round which a button of twine is bound. Sail-cloth jackets provide ample protection for the body, as the blade bends on contact; only a broken blade would not have the resilience to bend. A wire-mesh mask covers the face and gloves protect the hands.

We have the spirit. All that is holding up our fencing is lack of the right sort of instruction.

But that won't be for long, Crosnier is confident. In Wales he laid on a course for leaders to attend three nights a week after work. They turned up every night

for the four weeks he was there. Not one leader missed a single night.

Until lately, in England at least, fencing has been the sport of the few, and limited to the big cities. In London one heard only of the London Fencing Club—hallowed, exclusive and patronized by Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales.

It has now 125 members, and the emphasis is on fencing rather than social background. Women have lately been readmitted for membership, having been debarred for a few decades. The story goes that this was because of a woman of great beauty who visited the club regularly and kept fencers' minds off that particular sport.

"What I like about fencing," a fencer remarks, "is that it is such a clean sport."

Crosnier smiles. "I remember in Lisbon . . ." and he recounts how Rommel, the red-headed Frenchman, was fighting against an Italian, when the latter stamped on his toe rather hard. Rommel removed his mask, glared at the Italian and replaced the mask. In the next encounter again the Italian stamped, and again Rommel removed his mask and glared. The third time it happened, Rommel walked up to the Italian, glared at his face, an inch away, then deliberately stamped on the Italian's toe.

"For a few moments I thought there was going to be an international incident," Crosnier goes on. "The atmosphere became very tense, when somebody laughed, and the situation was saved."



Marriott blushed scarlet with humiliation and felt his eyes blurring with tears. It had puzzled him before. Now, he saw what they were doing

A SORT OF TRAITORS

by **NIGEL BALCHIN**

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

AFTER TWENTY-FOUR YEARS of research, Professor Sewell of the Haughton Laboratory is ready to publish results of his work on the control of epidemics, when the Government steps in and orders suppression. The data, officials say, could be used by a foreign Power as a weapon of bacteriological warfare.

The Government's action has repercussions. Sewell, separated from his wife, has devoted his life to the work, and at first refuses to accept the decision. Bob Marriott and Lucy Byrne, young scientists engaged on the work under Dr. Shole, Sewell's right hand man, are, too, frustrated by the decision. Lucy, with whom Marriott is in love, lives a bitter private life with her fiancé, Ivor Gates. He has lost both arms in the war, and has to be tended hand and foot.

Ivor is jealous of Marriott, and sets out to injure him. Knowing of Marriott's indignation over the security measures, Ivor introduces him to a disreputable friend, Brown, who tells Marriott he is in touch with people who could publish results of the experiments.

While disliking Brown personally, Marriott, in a highly emotional state,

decides he will give the information, now a Government top secret. He meets Brown secretly in a pub and asks to be put in touch with the top men of the organization Brown has mentioned.

But his movements are being followed. A security agent, Prince, calls a conference between Dr. Shole and Ralph Peach, Sewell's son-in-law, who is a high-grade civil servant, and puts the information before them. He tells them that from another source he has learned that a shadowy group working underground in Britain is expecting scientific information within twenty-four hours.

Unless there is to be a serious leakage, quick action is needed. They interview Lucy to check on how Marriott first came to meet Brown (who is known to security officials as Evans), and on Ivor Gates's possible part in the plot, and then decide to interview Ivor himself.

But Ivor, tired of life, has meanwhile arrived at a grim decision. They find him dead by the gas stove. On the pretext

of going for brandy, Lucy manages to ring the laboratory to try and warn Marriott that his movements are being watched.

Here, too, she is too late. Marriott has already left—with the secret file. Professor Sewell, however, is still there, and he promises to try and contact Marriott.

FINAL INSTALMENT Sewell Works It Out

PROFESSOR SEWELL said: "Well, thank you very much. I'm sorry to have bothered you. If Mr. Marriott does turn up soon, will you ask him to ring me? It's rather urgent."

The thin, very ladylike woman who let rooms to single gentlemen said: "You wish him to ring you at your private residence?"

Sewell hesitated. "No. At the laboratory. He knows the number."

When the door had closed he went and sat in the waiting cab for a moment in

silence. The only chance now was to ring round to other members of the staff on the off-chance that Marriott might be with one of them. For a moment he thought of going to the door again and asking the woman if he might use her telephone. But most of them lived in lodgings, and without the staff address list he had no idea of their numbers.

He leaned forward and said: "I think we'd better go back to the Haughton Laboratory."

There were only seven names on the list, apart from his own and Marriott's own and Lucy's, and from four of them there was no reply. Levers was in and knew nothing; and nor did Drake. That left Parkin, and he knew that there was no real chance that Marriott would be with Parkin. But he had to ring Parkin for completeness, and because he couldn't, for the moment, think of anything else to do.

He dialled the number and heard the bell at the other end begin to ring. But he never knew whether Parkin was in or out because at that moment he heard the sound—slight, but quite different from the distant noise of the traffic—that sent him quickly across to the light

Here it was, the interview that Marriott had been dreading. He braced himself to go in. And then, unexpectedly, he saw Lucy. For a moment, he panicked

switch to plunge his room in darkness.

Sewell opened his door very quietly. The corridor light was out but there was a glow in the cross passage. He went silently towards it, but before he reached the general office, Marriott heard something, and when Sewell came in he was standing there with the dispatch case in his hand, close to the door.

Sewell said: "What the devil are you up to, Bob?" and Marriott said: "I came back for something."

He held up the dispatch case and when Sewell took it out of his hand and opened it he did not resist. There was nothing in it but a few sheets of pencil notes.

Marriott picked the case up and tried to smile and said: "Why, sir? What's up?"

But Sewell was unlocking the safe. He saw the blue cover and turned and said: "What have you been doing with this? It wasn't here a minute ago."

There was a moment's pause and then Marriott said: "I took it home. I wanted to go through it."

"In your digs?"

"Yes."

Sewell said: "You haven't been in your digs all the evening. I've just been there. Come on. Out with it."

Marriott stood for a moment in silence. His lips were trembling. Then he drew himself up and said defiantly: "All right then. Perhaps you'd better know that I have recently been approached. . . . His face crumpled up suddenly and he began to cry in loud choking sobs, standing there quite stiff and straight with the dispatch case in his hand.

THE moon had risen and was shining brilliantly, so that the gravel outside Brinslow House was a glimmering silver in the darkness. There were still chinks of light at the same windows, but no other sign of life.

Peach was very cold and he had turned up his coat collar and kept his hands in his pockets.

Nobody had spoken for a long time. Every now and again Iverson melted silently into the darkness and re-crystallized again equally silently a few minutes later. Mr. Prince was still sitting resting his head on his knees, breathing like a man asleep.

Shole whispered: "What's the time?"

Peach took his hand out of his pocket and showed him his watch. The illuminated hands stood at nine o'clock. They had been waiting just over an hour and a half. Shole spoke and Peach moved very quietly, but it seemed to wake Mr. Prince. He sat upright very slowly, looked at his own watch, and grunted softly two or three times. Tipping back his head till it looked as though his neck was broken, he stared straight up at the stars for some moments. Then he grunted again and made a wide gathering movement with his arms.

As they all bent over him as though about to form a scrum he said: "Who brought the brandy?"

There was a moment's pause. Shole whispered foolishly: "Well, I haven't. I wish I had. It's damned cold."

Mr. Prince slowly shook his head. "No. The brandy for him. What's his name. Gates. Who went and got it?"

They straightened up for a moment and looked at each other. Then Shole said: "Lucy did. I remember seeing her come upstairs with it."

Iverson said: "Mr. Peach and I were

inside. I didn't know where you got it."

Mr. Prince looked up at the stars again for a moment and heaved a deep sigh.

Then he suddenly scrambled to his feet with surprising agility and said: "Well, come on, gentlemen; it's no good staying here getting pneumonia," and started back towards the road. As they went he said over his shoulder: "Mind the peas. Mind the bloody peas. I shouldn't like anything to happen to them."

Nothing else was said until they were in the road, and then Mr. Prince said to Iverson: "Go and get the bloody car if the bloody police haven't taken the bloody thing."

He looked up at the stars again and said very bitterly: "The little bitch. I ought to be in a home. We all ought to be in homes."

As they were getting into the car Peach said: "You're just going to leave them there?"

Mr. Prince said: "Leave who where?"

"G-Gelderose and the others?"

"Why not? They're not doing any harm. Probably playing solo. For matches."

"I thought you might be g-going to arrest them."

"Arrest them?" said Mr. Prince, startled. "You can't go round just arresting people. It's an interference with the liberty of the subject. They could sue you and get a packet."

Peach considered. "Of course I suppose if Evans isn't there there's nothing to p-prove that they're anything to do with it."

Mr. Prince started the engine. "I wouldn't be surprised," he said, "if they'd thought of that, and if that's why Evans isn't there." He let the clutch in with a spine-breaking jerk and said: "Damn. Sorry, all."

Passing through Camberwell, Mr. Prince suddenly said: "There's no reason why we shouldn't smoke or talk or sing songs now if you like. They won't hear anything."

"What happens if anyone does turn up now we're gone?"

"That's all right. Anyhow, they won't." He shifted slightly and said: "The seat of my trousers is wet. That ground was too damp to sit on really. Dew."

"Are you going to pick up Evans? I should have thought you'd got enough on him. . . ."

Mr. Prince shook his head. "Maybe," he said. "But where does it get us? They'd only get somebody better. Besides, Evans is very valuable. You've only got to keep an eye on him and you get on to quite a lot. I don't see how we'd manage without Evans sometimes."

He rumbled slowly and carefully past a traffic signal that was at red.

"I reckon," he said thoughtfully, "that we shall have to wait till there's a war to fix up Evans. It's different during a war. You can get something done about a chap like that then—something that *stays* done. I wouldn't care for Evans to be bound over or put under the probation officer."

At the Elephant, Peach said: "Are we going back to the office?"

Mr. Prince said: "No. Jumbo goes home at seven. Don't want to walk all up those stairs. Don't ever do it. They kill you."

"Then where—?"

"We'd better go and have a look at the laboratory. After all, that's what

we were told to keep an eye on. Somebody might have stolen it."

Marriott was quite calm again now. He sat and stared defiantly at the corner of the room, and his voice was rather loud, with a trace of West Country burr in it, as it usually had when he was being emphatic.

He looked sulky, rather injured, and about seventeen. There were times when Sewell had had a wild desire to slap or shake that sulky expression off his face. But they were not times like this. He smiled and said warningly: "Well, don't shout it around the town, old chap."

Marriott took no notice. He said again: "I never believed it for a moment. It was childish. Anybody'd know where stuff of that kind came from, whether it was signed or not."

Sewell said: "What you *haven't* told me is how Brown came to know there was any such information about. How did you ever get on the subject?" He didn't ask because he wanted an answer. It was there before him in the big, rather loose-lipped mouth. Anybody could have guessed what had happened, even if they hadn't known Marriott since he was eighteen. But there must be time to think. He said gently: "You say you met him in a pub, Bob?"

"Yes," Marriott hesitated and then said: "He was with—some people I knew and they told him I was a scientist."

"And then you ran into him again. . . ."

"Yes. In the same pub."

" . . . and then he spun you this yarn?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you report it then? I mean, why did you meet him again after that?"

Marriott defied the corner again. "I—I wanted to be sure of my ground."

It was clear enough, but somehow he must be made to say it. Sewell said: "I don't quite see what you mean by that. Whether his yarn was true or not he was preparing something illegal, wasn't he?"

Marriott swung round and faced him. "Yes," he said breathlessly. "He was. But if it had been true about the—the Exchange. . . ."

He stopped and gulped.

"Well?"

MARRIOTT'S eyes went drearily away to the corner again. He said nothing.

"You mean," said Sewell gently, "that if his yarn had been true you would have felt differently about it?"

Marriott's voice was barely audible. "You said it was wrong. You kept saying it. That it wasn't right for work like that not to be published. But you didn't do anything about it." His voice began to rise. "It wasn't my job. I was only a junior. It ought to have been Shole or—or. . . ."

"Or me?"

Marriott said: "Nobody'll take any—any responsibility. Everybody's afraid. People like Shole. . . . They work and then they let it be taken away and used to kill people and don't—don't say a word. They even go and work for people like Brewer. They sell out for—five pounds a week. . . ."

Sewell said: "There's one thing I want to get clear. You say you started to go and then changed your mind and

brought it back. Why did you change your mind?"

"I don't know," said Marriott wearily.

"Try and think."

Marriott pushed his glasses more firmly on his nose. He was frowning effortfully. "Partly because I was afraid, I suppose. But that wasn't it altogether. . . ."

He paused and shook his head. "I never had made my mind up," he said restlessly. "That was the trouble from the start. I couldn't see any logical reason why I shouldn't do it. I didn't want to, but I thought that was probably just emotional thinking. Not liking Brown and its all being rather messy. In a pub and so on."

"And you thought of that somewhere on the way?"

"I didn't think at all," said Marriott contemptuously. "It was just emotional. I saw something. You know how it is. Nobody's reasonable, really."

He had gone very pink. He took his glasses off and began to wipe them with great care.

"What did you see?"

Marriott hesitated. "Well, the bus stopped, facing the Houses of Parliament. There was a bobby with his hand up. He grinned at the driver of my bus. . . . He turned aside restlessly. "It was nothing whatever to do with it really," he said angrily. "I'd never wanted to go, but I couldn't think of any good reason not to, so I suppose I made one up. That's what it comes to. If I'd been logical I should have gone."

SEWELL smiled and said: "You're talking like a dud statistician."

Marriott flushed. "What d'you mean?" he said indignantly.

"When you get an answer that makes plain nonsense you check your figures over and if you can't see an actual slip in them you say the answer must be right because you can't see where it's wrong."

"Well, so it is if the figures are right."

"Of course. But you don't know that they are. All you know is that you can't see what's wrong with them for a moment. You can only feel it."

"Feel . . . !" said Marriott contemptuously.

"Well, even feeling is a fact, isn't it? It's evidence of something. Hell, Bob, if you're going to leave feelings out you'd better go and play with the physicists. Well, now—about these people. You don't know who any of them are except Brown?"

"No."

"But you were going to meet them tonight?"

"Yes. If I'd gone."

"Where?"

Marriott hesitated. "I can't tell you."

"Why not?"

"I had to promise not to put the police on them or else they—Brown wouldn't talk at all."

Sewell had a sudden vision of Marriott solemnly wetting a finger, drying it and drawing it across his throat. "You won't sneak on me?" "Honest Injun, I won't." It was all like that. And if you were found out, you might get six from the headmaster. But you weren't expelled. They only expelled you for serious things.

His eyes went from Marriott's white face to his own hand lying on the desk. It was a long, fine hand, old but experienced and firm. Sewell suddenly

realized that he was immensely happy. He smiled and said: "Now listen, Bob. You're in a considerable mess. From what Lucy said the police may turn up at any moment. They may or may not believe your story, but they'll certainly want to know what you were doing making this appointment with Brown. And you'd better not tell them about any promises."

Marriott was looking startled. He said: "But I haven't done anything."

"Maybe not, you fathead. But you've gone damn near to committing treason and they may think that's quite a lot."

Marriott said in a low voice: "I'm not ashamed of anything I've done. In fact I'm not at all sure."

Six from the headmaster. That was the size of it. And you took it bravely and that was the end.

Sewell said: "Never mind about that. What matters is what you're going to say to the police."

He put the firm hands palm downwards on the top of the desk and stared steadily into Marriott's face. "Now listen carefully. You met Brown. You saw through him at once. You met him again because you wanted to confirm your suspicions. You only got the address out of him this evening. You then came and reported the matter to me. See? There was never any doubt that you intended to report it. None of your philosophical doubts or promises to Brown, mind you."

Marriott hesitated. Then his lips framed: "Yes."

SEWELL said rapidly: "Now then, what did I do? Of course, I wanted to report it at once. To the police." He closed his eyes and frowned. "What police? No good just going out and finding a bobby on point duty. Shole's security boys. Don't know where they live. But Shole does. So, of course, I rang up Shole. Well, I've already rung up Shole and left a message for him to ring me, so that's fair." He smiled happily. "Now the next thing is to take a note of your story. Paper."

He unlocked and opened the top drawer of his desk and stopped short. He sat and looked into the drawer for

a moment and then carefully pushed the papers in it aside and took out an address book.

"Now then," he said briskly. "Whose number is it? Oh, yes. Shole's."

THE car stopped just before the turning to Haughton Street, and Iverson got out and disappeared. After a few moments he came back, muttered a few words to Mr. Prince, and got in again. Mr. Prince grunted and dislocated everybody's spine again, this time without apology.

He said to Peach: "Well, they're both inside still."

"Who?"

"Marriott and your pa-in-law. Been out, severally, and came back. Lucky thing. Saves us having to drive all round London."

Peach said: "There's nothing in Lucas being here. He often works very late."

"Been home at six every night for the last fortnight," said Mr. Prince briefly. "But why shouldn't he work late tonight? Maybe he's got interested in something and hasn't noticed the time. We all do it."

Peach said: "Look here, you don't still think he's mixed up in this? Because surely—?"

"There isn't any surely. That's the trouble about these jobs. You never know anything."

"Well, I can tell you d-definitely that he won't have had anything to do with men in pubs or going to Denmark Hill. He's a very clever man but he's a bit of a s-snob, if you see what I mean."

Mr. Prince had stopped the car at the laboratory entrance. He turned and looked at Peach for a moment in silence. "You know, there could be something in that," he said unexpectedly. "Anyhow, let's go and see."

A few minutes later, Sewell sat at his desk, and the fat, red-faced man with the watery blue eyes sat opposite him. It was queer to sit at his desk and be interviewed by a man sitting on a hard chair. He had tried to make Mr. Prince sit at the desk, but Mr. Prince was very polite and wouldn't hear of it. Sewell was a little worried by his own voice. It sounded a trifle glib and ingratiating and nothing he could do would roughen the edge of it.

Sewell said: "My own guess is that he probably was mildly indiscreet in the first place. He's young for his age and tact was never his strong suit. Anyhow, when this man Brown pitched him this yarn about an International Scientific Exchange he had enough sense to see that there was something wrong, and quite rightly came and reported the whole thing to me."

"Fair enough," said Mr. Prince briefly. "What time was that?"

"This evening."

"What time this evening, sir?"

"Don't know exactly. Just as I was going." He waited for the obvious—the unanswerable question. But Mr. Prince merely nodded in silence and he had to ask it himself. "Of course, I told him that he ought to have reported it before, but."

"Well, the main thing is that he *did* report it," said Mr. Prince reasonably. "And then you did what, sir?"

"I wanted to contact you—or whoever was our security contact. I didn't know your number or where you were but I knew Shole did. So I rang Shole's number and left a message asking him to ring me."

"And you were hanging on here waiting for him to ring?"

"Yes."

"That's right," said Mr. Prince. "That's clear enough." He reflected for a moment. "You didn't know Gates, did you, Professor?"

"Gates? Lucy Byrne's young man?"



"We may as well face the fact that if the jumble sale doesn't cover the cost of the whist drive to finance the dance in aid of the restoration fund, we'll be in a mess"

No, I don't know him. I know of him."

"You've no ideas about why he did it?"

Childish. "Did what?" blankly.

Mr. Prince sighed. "That's right," he said. "He's committed suicide. But why should you know why he did it? I don't know and she doesn't know."

"When was that?"

"This evening."

"You think it had—some connection with this business?"

"I don't know, Professor. Your guess is as good as mine. You never know anything on these jobs." Mr. Prince sighed. His eyes were very watery and vague. "Well, I suppose there isn't anything else you can tell me, sir, before I have a word with Marriott? Anything else you can think of that I ought to know?"

FOR a moment Sewell hesitated. If the man had been keen-eyed and hatchet-faced and sharp-spoken it would have been different. But this bleary acceptance of everything—this refusal to ask the awkward question—this thing that made you sound so smooth—was something unexpected and dangerous.

He thought of Marriott's white, sullen, injured face and knew that Marriott could never get away with it. There was only one other way and he had to make up his mind quickly. He made it up and said: "Yes. There is one thing. I hope you won't misunderstand it."

Mr. Prince said: "I'll try not to, sir."

"This prohibition—this clamping down on our work so that we can't publish it—has been a big blow to us here."

"Sure."

"And it's left some of the younger people—and some of the older ones if it comes to that—feeling very—very sore and fed up. Young Bob Marriott's as

straight as a line. But he believes in internationalism and co-operation and universal brotherhood and all the other things we all believe in when we're young. He'd never do a thing like this—commit treason and so on. But he—his attitude about the whole thing is likely to be different from yours or mine."

The letter to Gatling, the letters to the people abroad and the manifesto were in the top drawer of the desk, about equidistant between their waistcoats.

Sewell said: "He's frightened now, of course. He knows he's been a bit of a fool and he'll say whatever he thinks you want him to say. Which, of course, won't deceive you for a moment and may even make you suspicious. All I ask you is to take my word for it that he neither has done anything nor *would* do anything."

"That's right," said Mr. Prince slowly. "Thought about it and thought not, eh?"

"I should think that's about it."

There was a long pause. Mr. Prince was staring at the ceiling. After a while he said: "Dangerous thoughts. The old Jap had got something there..." He shook his head sombrely. "You see, it's all very well, Professor, and I don't say you're not right. But what I've got to think of is if they'd used somebody who stank a bit less than Evans—that's your Brown—anything might have happened."

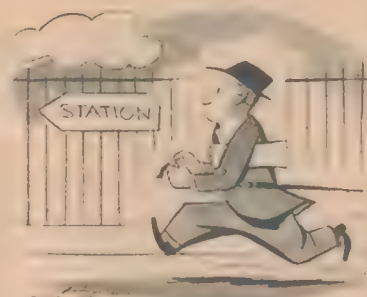
Sewell said: "No. It wouldn't. You see, I've known Marriott since he was eighteen."

There was another pause.

Then Mr. Prince sighed. "All right," he said resignedly. "Anyhow, we were told there wasn't to be any trouble. Let's take it that way. Then there's only one other thing. What time did Miss Byrne ring up?"

It came suddenly and he had not

NOW YOU KNOW by BERNARD GEIS



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expected it, but Sewell raised his head and said: "Just after seven o'clock."

His voice was working now. He had meant it to be matter-of-fact and it sounded matter-of-fact. He looked down at his hand on the desk, and it was old and firm and experienced, and he knew that it was not going to fail him.

Mr. Prince grunted. "That's right. She slipped us when we were looking at Gates. Rang here and got you?"

"Yes."

"That's right. And then you went to look for Marriott?"

Sewell smiled ruefully. "Yes."

"And didn't find him and came back here. And then he came here?"

"Yes."

"And reported it all to you?"

"Yes."

Mr. Prince nodded. "You didn't happen to ask him where he'd been this evening, sir?"

"From what you've said you probably know that better than I do. But I gather he'd been riding about on buses worrying about it all."

"That's right," said Mr. Prince gently. He reflected for a moment.

"Course at one time he chose the wrong bus, if you see my meaning. Still, that could happen to anybody."

There was a long pause. Sewell said: "I've put myself in your hands. And him."

"That's quite true, sir," said Mr. Prince. "And that helps. Anyhow, you've known him since he was eighteen and you don't reckon he's more than a young silly?"

"He's a damn young fool and no more."

"All right," said Mr. Prince rather vaguely. "It could be like that." He suddenly turned his watery eyes on Sewell with deep indignation. "That girl," he said. "Now what can you make of that? Gates lying dead there and she skips off and does that."

Sewell said: "Well, of course, women have no principles. At least no masculine principles."

"You don't reckon they have?" said Mr. Prince with deep interest.

"No. None at all."

Mr. Prince nodded emphatically. "That's my experience too, Professor. Now with a man you know where you are."

MARRIOTT was very tired, and as he sat at the desk in Silkin's room waiting for them to send for him he could not keep his eyes open. Every time his head dropped forward and roused him he sat up and told himself that it was ridiculous and dangerous to be so sleepy and tried to concentrate on what he had to tell them.

But it was no good, and in the end he gave it up and put his head down on his arms and let his eyes close. He could only have dozed for a few moments, because he glanced at his watch when Iverson came for him, and it was still only half-past nine.

He had expected to be questioned alone. But Sewell was there and Shole, as well as the detective and the bald man with the beard. It confused him that there should be so many of them.

Sewell smiled and said: "Ah, hallo, Bob, here you are," and the sight of Sewell's smile and the pipe made it better. But just as he was sitting down Iverson brought in Lucy, and he had not known Lucy was there. He hadn't reckoned on Lucy, and for a moment he almost panicked.

But Sewell was still smiling and said: "Hallo, Lucy," and he forced himself to look at her and grin, and she smiled back at him quite calmly, as though it was a departmental meeting.

Mr. Prince looked at Sewell and said: "Shall I go ahead then, sir?"

Sewell nodded, and Mr. Prince grunted

and, instead of going ahead, sat and looked for a long time at some notes in front of him as though he wasn't seeing them. Then he said suddenly: "Well, gentlemen—I mean Miss Byrne and gentlemen. I've had a talk to the Professor and what with that and the talk you and I had this afternoon, Miss Byrne, I think I've got the gist of this business."

He turned the watery blue eyes on Marriott for a moment. "There's only one or two points I'd like to check with Mr. Marriott. But we don't want to spend a lot of time, so perhaps the quickest way would be for me to read this and any of you tell me where it's wrong or where there's something missing."

He looked down at his notes and started to read rapidly and monotonously, without punctuation. "On the evening of the third March Miss Byrne and Mr. Marriott went to the Leyden Arms public house in Etheridge Street Pimlico with Mr. Gates."

He looked up inquiringly. Lucy said: "Yes," quietly. Marriott nodded.

"While they were there a man came in who was introduced to them by Mr. Gates as a Mr. Brown in the course of conversation Mr. Gates mentioned that Mr. Marriott was a scientist."

Marriott said: "I may have mentioned it myself." His voice came out rather loud.

"Thank you, Mr. Marriott. Anyhow, it was mentioned. There was talk about this and that not important and then Miss Byrne, Mr. Marriott and Mr. Gates left."

PRINCE turned over a page. "March tenth Miss Byrne dined with Professor Sewell so it was arranged that Mr. Marriott should go in to sit with Mr. Gates it being necessary that somebody should be with him."

Mr. Prince did not look up and Marriott risked a quick glance at Lucy. She was looking at Mr. Prince with an odd, puzzled expression. Mr. Prince read on in his quick, monotonous voice.

"Mr. Marriott and Mr. Gates met in the Leyden Arms and whilst there the man Brown again appeared there was some talk and Brown then invited them to his house in Preynor Mews for a meal during the course of which Brown asked Mr. Marriott various questions about his work discovering that Mr. Marriott was involved in work of which publication had been forbidden he spoke of an

THIS WEEK'S COVER



BOY-MEETS-GIRL at the promenade Brails. . . Cover artist Richard O. Rose, a thirty-seven year old bachelor, says he is old-fashioned enough to prefer pictures which tell a series of stories. Drawing them, he adds, is usually exhausting drudgery, but when he starts painting or inking in the outlines he really enjoys himself.

International Scientific Exchange which would arrange publication if Mr. Marriott liked to put the material in his Brown's hands Mr. Marriott was at once suspicious.

Mr. Prince looked up again with raised eyebrows. "You were suspicious then, sir?"

"Yes. I knew it couldn't be true because—"

"I know," said Mr. Prince. "The Professor's told me. Mr. Marriott therefore arranged to see Brown again suspecting his *bona fides* and wishing to confirm his suspicions March thirteen they met at the Paternoster Notting Hill Gate Mr. Marriott asked for further details but Brown refused to give them." Again the eyebrows.

Marriott said: "He just stuck to the story he'd told before. About the Exchange. I couldn't pin him down to—"

"No," said Mr. Prince. "March fourteen about six p.m. Brown rang up

and suggested that if Mr. Marriott wanted to use the Exchange he should bring the material to Prospect Lodge Leaf Road Denmark Hill the following evening."

Mr. Prince paused for a moment and then, without lifting his eyes, added briefly: "Mr. Marriott then reported the matter to his superior Professor Sewell."

He had been puzzled before but he saw it now—what they were doing to him. His eyes met Lucy's and she had seen it, too. He looked at Sewell, but Sewell was squinting at the bowl of his pipe. Mr. Prince was droning on, but he did not hear the words. He looked round at them and they all knew, and he flushed scarlet with the humiliation of it, and maddeningly, felt his eyes blurring with tears.

He had been afraid—afraid they might question him, and trip him up and tear it out of him and prove him a liar and worse. But they had been principalities and powers, and there had been some pride left in fighting them. Now a fat, bored-looking man was tearing the last shred of self-respect off him, and they were all looking kindly and tolerantly down their noses, and not seeing his nakedness.

For a moment Marriott saw nothing but the bitter unfairness and stupidity of it, and knew that they could do anything to him, but he would not just be excused. Mr. Prince's voice had stopped and he said loudly and huskily: "There's just something that I should like to add to that."

He could feel Sewell's eyes on him in the silence. Mr. Prince said quietly: "Yes, Mr. Marriott?" as though he had been expecting it.

He said: "I'd like to make my—my attitude clear. I thought it was wrong to stop that paper. I still do. I think they must have been crazy to do it. A thing that might have saved a lot of lives. . . ." It wasn't what he wanted to say and he began again. "I don't believe in nationalism and—and preparing for war and. . . ."

His voice trailed away and he gulped and sat there in silence, with trembling lips. For a moment nobody spoke.

"Don't believe in war?" said Mr. Prince vaguely. "Who does? I've been in two and I got trench feet in one and bronchitis in the other. If you ask me, nobody believes in it. There isn't anything in it you can believe in." He waited a moment and then said: "Anyhow, that doesn't alter this, does it?" He flicked the papers with his finger.

Marriott looked at the watery eyes. They were bloodshot and infinitely weary, like a depressed mastiff's. He thought he could see contempt in them, and for a moment he hesitated. But he was too tired, and there were too many guns on the other side, and when he had tried to say it the words wouldn't come. It was all a mile away from the real question—the question he had never solved, and was too tired to solve now. He dropped his eyes and said: "No," almost inaudibly.

"In fact that statement's O.K. with you, Mr. Marriott?"

"Yes." It was O.K. with him. Anything was O.K. with him.

As they went out through the animal room the chimpanzee came hopefully to the bars of his cage and put an arm out. Mr. Prince jumped and said: "Crikey! That gave me a turn. Didn't know it was there." He skirted the cage carefully and said: "You keep some queer things about here, Professor."

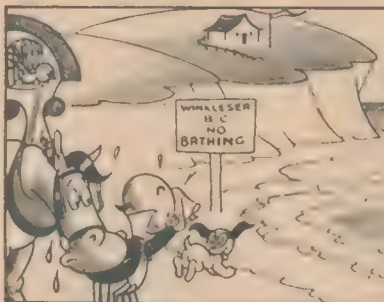
Sewell smiled and said: "Only one of our ancestors. I wonder sometimes how much better we are than our fathers."

"Well, you keep him in a cage, don't

Continued on page 27

MR. DIMPLE

by David Hand



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Give yourself
a lovely **Toni** HOME PERMANENT
the creme cold wave



A SORT OF TRAITORS

Continued from page 25

you? He doesn't keep you in a cage."

"What does that prove, except that I'm stronger than he is?"

"Prove?" said Mr. Prince irritably. "You can prove black's white if you know the trick. I used to know a man who could prove two equalled one by proper mathematics."

The big old car was waiting at the door. Iverson and Peach were already in it. Mr. Prince stood on the steps for a moment in silence, as though some idea was struggling for expression. After a while he turned and shook his head and said gravely: "It's all very well, you know, Professor. . . ."

Sewell said: "I know. I'll talk to him. It's my fault really."

"See, it's all right you having known him since he was eighteen and so on. But there's other people to think about. If we hadn't been told particularly that there wasn't to be any trouble. . . . So I'd talk to him. And the girl. It's no good talking to women. But I'd do that." Mr. Prince closed his eyes and his face wrinkled into an expression of agonized concentration. "See, if people start going away by themselves, and reckoning they can prove two equals one by proper mathematics, and there's nobody to check it through and say it doesn't. . . . Wants a person who understands it, see. So I'd talk to them."

"I will."

"That's right," said Mr. Prince rather dubiously. He waddled heavily down the steps to the car.

Sewell said: "And I'm infinitely obliged to you."

"That's all right, Professor. We were told there wasn't to be any trouble." He climbed into the car and started the engine.

"Tell him you'll smack his behind if there's any more of it," he said through the window. "And hers. Not that it's really any good talking to women."

He let the clutch in. The car jerked forward and Sewell heard him say: "Damn it. Sorry, all."

SHOLE and Marriott and Lucy were standing in a group, talking in low voices. They stopped as Sewell came in. The group was familiar enough, but there was something not quite right about it, and he realized with an inward smile that it was because they weren't wearing white coats.

Their faces were worried, and he knew that they were stuck on some point, and that only he could come in and solve it for them and get them going again. There was happiness in that, and he knew then that it was the source of happiness. He said: "Well, I think we're well out of that."

Shole gave a little grunt of agreement.

"The question is," said Sewell slowly, "how we ever got into it. Probably it was because I didn't give a clear lead. For which I apologize."

There was Shole, and for him there was no problem. And Lucy, and for her there were plenty, but this wasn't one of them. But Marriott's face was sullen and frozen and lost, and he spoke to Marriott.

"We aren't alone on a desert island. We've got to live with people, and that means that sometimes we've got to accept what they think and act by it even if we don't agree. . . ."

He saw the slight flicker of contempt on the frozen face and smiled. "But the snag is—how big's the group we've got to live with? It ought to be everybody, of course. But people haven't been living in big groups very long yet and they haven't got used to the idea that there should be just one very big one. It's irritating of them, but it isn't any good being irritated and trying to



make people go faster than they can. We've got to have patience. Because if we don't we shall find ourselves fighting the very people we want to help. . . ."

The face was sulky but it was very young, and that was as it should be and as it had always been. He said: "It's all right, Bob. You don't believe me. I never thought you would. You're twenty-four and you don't see why you shouldn't put it right before you die, and leave it all neat and tidy. There's nothing wrong in thinking that. Just use your brains about it, that's all. . . ."

Sewell suddenly smiled. "Short cuts and starting too quickly. It's the old trouble. And I let you down by not coming along and making you think it all through again. Nobody can do these things alone. . . ."

He had wanted to make Marriott say something—to break that frozen silence. But though he thought he could see the ice melting, no words came and he saw that they couldn't yet. It was nearly ten o'clock and he glanced at Lucy, and noticed for the first time the deathly tiredness in her face.

She saw his gaze on her. Her eyes flickered significantly towards Marriott and back and she gave a tiny nod towards him. Sewell understood and said abruptly: "We must think about it some more sometime. But for now, I think the best place for all of us is home."

"I agree," said Shole promptly. "Sooner the better. Lucy's coming

back to our place for the night, so we can all go in one cab and drop Bob."

"Cab," said Lucy briskly. "I'll go and forage for one."

As she turned to go Marriott pulled himself upright.

He glanced quickly at Sewell and Shole and said vaguely: "No—I'll go, Lucy." They were the first words he had spoken since it had been O.K. with him.

Lucy said: "All right, you go to one end of Houghton Street and I'll go to the other. Then we shall probably get two each."

Sewell looked after them and said: "The King is dead. Long live the King. What extraordinary creatures women are."

Shole said rather stiffly: "I don't think Lucy. . . ."

"I meant that as a compliment. They must look after somebody. The good ones, that is. I'm glad she's coming back with you." After a moment he said: "Did that do any good, do you think? What I said to him?"

Shole hesitated and said: "I think it may have. It's a difficult thing to be altogether convincing about."

Sewell said: "Convincing? It's the easiest thing in the world to be convincing about both ways. Come along to my office. I've got something to show you."

The letter to Gatling was still in the drawer. He pitched it across to Shole

without looking at it and said: "That's very convincing indeed, isn't it?"

Shole seemed to read the letter very slowly. When he looked up at last Sewell said: "I nearly showed it to Prince. Should I have done?"

Shole said: "What for? His job's difficult enough already." After a while he said: "Are you going to send it? Because, of course, I'll make one. . . ."

Sewell took the papers and tore them in half and threw them into the waste-paper basket.

Shole said: "Here—half a minute. That won't do." He picked the papers out and lit a match and burned them until they were within an inch of his fingers.

Then, holding the ash, he burnt the remaining inch. He dropped the last ashes into the fireplace and frowned and said: "I hope you're—happy about it. I don't think I ever felt as strongly about all this as you or Marriott. But, frankly, I can't see that anything that's happened alters the main problem."

Sewell laughed. "It doesn't alter it for you, because to you it was always the main problem that mattered, with nothing for Fred Shole in it either way. What are you? Forty-five? But Marriott's twenty-four and I'm sixty-four; when you're young you're in a hurry and silly, and when you're old you're in a hurry and selfish. In that letter, every time there's anything about 'the interests of humanity' you want to read 'the interests of Lucas Sewell.'"

"I don't believe that," said Shole mildly.

"Oh, not entirely. It's all mixed up together, of course. But it isn't really the loss to the human race that hurts us when you come down to it. It's the loss to us. The stuff's there when people want it, and one day they will. If they don't use it, or misuse it for a few years—well, that's very deplorable. But what hurts is that we shan't live to see it used properly. 'Oh, God, it makes me mad to see what men shall do, and we in our graves.' 'And we in our graves.' That's the rub."

"And don't you still feel that?"

SEWELL said: "Of course, I do. But does it matter, if that's all we're fussing about? After all, it's fair enough. There were a lot of things here for us when we came that had been made by the people before. It's our turn to leave something behind. . . ."

He suddenly smiled and said: "I remember old Phillip Lowes. Forty years ago. I was just young Marriott's age. He said: 'Always remember, Sewell, that though Prometheus brought the fire, it is highly improbable that he ever had an opportunity to sit by the hearth and smell the supper cooking. Science matters, but scientists don't. Sometimes scientists forget that!' He had a deep voice and a big beard. It was just through there, forty years ago. He was very old then. But, of course, he was a great man."

THE END

"A Sort of Traitors" by Nigel Balchin, Book Society Choice for June, is published in book form by Collins (price 9s. 6d.)

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



HOUSEWIVES VERDICT:

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BELIEVE
WISK WOULD
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WASH. I TRIED
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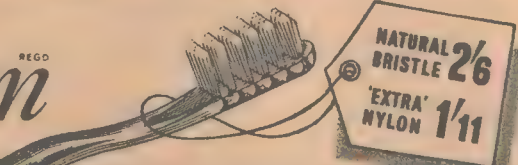


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Wisdom



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TIME ON HER MIND

Continued from page 18

this morning that she had killed the Jungle Queen with an arrow. Oh, doctor, do you think—?"

"Why her more than the others?" said Patterson, and turned to Joubert. "As a matter of fact, Inspector, if I were to suspect one more than any other, I would choose Mrs. Calloran, the old lady we are now going to see.

"I think I had better explain. There is an insanity called dementia praecox in which the sufferer gradually becomes sunk into himself to such an extent that he becomes as helpless as a newborn babe. In one sense, Mrs. Calloran is at the stage normal to a child of ten months. But I have definitely formed the impression that she is not really a praecox patient. For instance, it is only her emotional responses that have been affected—I am reasonably certain that she can act as purposefully as you or I in certain conditions and circumstances.

"Remember the make-up on Sister Henshaw's face? Mrs. Calloran once owned a beauty parlour. Against this, of course, is the irrefutable fact that the door of her room is always kept locked."

PATTERSON turned the key as he spoke and opened the door. Mrs. Calloran lay on her back on the bed with a large wax doll gripped in her left hand. She was rolling from side to side and crooning inarticulately. She stopped the movement suddenly, vindictively jabbed her extended forefinger in the doll's eye, and said "Goo!"

"It's no good talking to her in this state," said Patterson. "Let us go downstairs and finish our discussion."

In the lounge, Joubert said: "Naturally I have come to my own conclusions, Doctor, but after all you are the expert. Will you attempt to correlate the various factors in the room and on the body with the case histories of the various patients?"

Patterson lit a cigarette. "I think the easiest thing for me to do," he said, "is to run through the arguments for and against the guilt of each patient.

"First, Mrs. Perry. The weapon was a knitting needle which she made a great fuss of losing two weeks ago. She has a persecution mania, and often such a mania can become converted into a homicidal one. It is psychologically possible, if she found the needle in Sister Henshaw's possession, that she would attack her.

"On the other hand, her attitude that Sister Henshaw is still alive and still has the needle seems to argue against that possibility—and I cannot find grounds, psychiatric or otherwise, which would have led her to remove the shoes or make the face up.

"The same objection holds good in the case of Miss Brett and Miss Kemp, although we must have suspicion against the former for her violence last week and against the latter for her cryptic remarks to Nurse Villiers.

"The disappearance of the shoes and their recovery definitely seem to point to Mrs. Fenwick, but I cannot imagine her committing such a crime.

"The most likely psychological type, as I mentioned before, is Mrs. Calloran, and the making-up of the face seems to point in her direction. Even the method of the crime is quite consistent with her mental make-up—did you notice her gesture with the doll?—and it is even not impossible that she could have removed the shoes and placed them on Mrs. Fenwick's window. Only, of course, her door was locked."

Patterson threw up his hands in a gesture. "There you have it, Inspector. That one of them did it I am perfectly sure, but which one I cannot say. If the various factors had made a consistent pattern I would have had no hesitation in naming the likely murderer. As it is..."

"But there is a consistent pattern,"

said Rolf le Roux. The others turned to him in surprise.

"Yes, Doctor," he went on, "all your reasoning has been completely logical except your conclusion. The individual clues point to one or the other of your patients; not all the clues point to any one of them. Yet you have fallen into the fallacy of still contending that one of your patients is the guilty party."

"Then what is your interpretation?" said Patterson.

"Before I tell you, there are one or two points I want to be perfectly clear about. First, that the routine of this house is always unchanging?"

"Yes."

"That, in accordance with this routine, you never arrive until just before three? In other words, at the time the murder was committed, you were neither here nor expected here for some time?"

"Quite right."

"So that when Sister Henshaw went to lie down at eleven thirty, the only person about who had anything to do with the handling of the patients, who knew about the routine, was Nurse Villiers?"

"Yes. But what are you getting at?"

"I will tell you. I say the clues were deliberately laid by the murderer and that therefore the murderer is a person with some knowledge of the mental twists of your patients. Contrary to your theory the crime was completely rational and premeditated."

Nurse Villiers said: "You can't—" and all eyes were turned on her.

"The clues themselves," said Rolf, "help us further. Remember the make-up on the face? Remember how I pointed out the powder was *over* the pencilled eyebrows? There is a definite indication as to the sex of the murderer. Women use eyebrow pencil after the face has been powdered, not before. No, the murderer is a man."

All eyes swung back to Patterson. He stubbed out his cigarette violently and said, "Do you realize the seriousness of your allegation? Do you think your very ingenious theory is sufficient evidence?"

"No," said Rolf, "but that can still be remedied." He turned to Nurse Villiers. "Bring Miss Brett in here."

THERE was no sound in the room until the nurse returned. Patterson lit another cigarette.

Rolf said to Miss Brett: "You told us before that you saw Sister Henshaw going into her office, and left to check the clocks?"

"Yes."

"What was the time?"

"It was half past eleven."

"You mean it was half past eleven because Sister Henshaw went into her office?"

"Of course. It's always half past eleven when she goes into her office."

"And if the clocks showed a different time, then you would put them right?"

"Naturally."

"You remember when the gun was fired on Signal Hill this morning? You told us that something was wrong with it and you had to alter all the clocks. What was wrong with the gun?"

"Usually when it fires it's twelve o'clock. Today it was half past three."

Rolf leaned forward in his chair.

"You mean," he said, "that as the gun fired today something else happened which always happens at half past three?"

"Of course. What else could I have meant?"

Rolf sat back, relaxed. His voice was very quiet. "Tell me, Miss Brett, how do you know when it is half past three? What happens every day which tells you that it is half past three?"

"Don't you know?" she asked in surprise, and then added as though she was instructing a child:

"It is half past three every day when Dr. Patterson comes out of Sister Henshaw's office."

SIX SUMMERS



by PAUL HOLT

In this John Bull series, Paul Holt, famous columnist and war correspondent, looks back on six summers that stand out in his personal album—summers when he was at the centre of world events or when he got away from it all along strange byways....

I joined the barnstormers

I REMEMBER I WAS OUT of work—or, as they say, "between jobs"—and rather than inflict upon my friends my lean and hungry look I decided to go on a walking tour of the West Country, through the villages with nice names: Ottery St. Mary, Cricket Mallory, Bishop's Lydyard, and so on.

One night in a village pub I took a pint with a tall, cheerful young man with a scar on his forehead who said he was waiting for his ship and filling in the time with fun coupled with good works.

And when I asked him what he meant, he said that he was nightly reciting passages from Byron's *Don Juan* as his contribution to a small and select company of barnstormers touring Somerset that summer.

Later that evening, I met the company. There was a fattish young woman with a passion for organizing things. It was she who had got the company of thespians together and she who had christened them "The Debonairs."

Her mainstay was a thin and rather angry girl who was determined to learn to play the squeeze-box, although she

could declaim Shakespeare quite nicely as it was. She also could dance the can-can, she said.

Her mainstay was a jolly old drunk with a roguish nose who sang at the piano and also did not sing at the piano. His favourite numbers were the immortal ditties of the late Harry Champion—"Boiled Beef and Carrots," "A Little Bit of Cucumber," and so on.

For myself, I preferred a magnificent piece he rendered under the title of "Boneyard Sal." He could also sing "The Girl I Love is Up in the Gallery . . . up in the gallery . . ." with a lovely lilt.

His mainstay was the above-mentioned sailor without a ship, who also could do impersonations of Tod Slaughter, George Arliss and William Ewart Gladstone.

Backstage Tears

This last impersonation turned out to be an unkindness, for there was a middle-aged spinster who was supposed to be wardrobe mistress of the company and if you had put a collar on her she would have passed easily for the G.O.M. In addition, she had been heard to say that Gladstone was her great-uncle.

Every time the sailor strode the stage at this wicked task he was not impersonating Gladstone at all; he was impersonating her. And it brought her near to tears.

The last member of the company was a wisp of a man with a bittorn voice who, I discovered, in term time was a Cambridge don.

When they heard I was a journalist, they warmly invited me to go along with them and I consented to act as a sort of advance agent for the company.

I also said that I had a repertory of two good songs which I remembered from the days when I used to sing at Masonic dinners, wearing my brother's dinner jacket and a stern expression, while learning the trade of journalism at Cambridge in 1924.

The song I opened with was John Ireland's "Sea Fever," a rolling, mournful baritone exercise. When called upon for an encore I used to imitate Miss Betty Chester singing "Up Came Lena with her Vacuum Cleaner" in *The Co-optimists*. This, though not good, at least caused surprise.

Trouble With The Don

I realized at once we were going to have trouble with the don. His passion, the real reason he was barnstorming, was for the strolling players of the pre-Shakespearian age and he wished us all to conform to his ideal.

To him we really were rogues and vagabonds and he wanted us all to sleep in the straw in barns. During the performances he would generally become such a nuisance that I had to play a dirty trick on him.

I would say: "Here, hold this vase, quick!" or "Here, catch this rope!" and he would do so and stand still happily for the rest of the evening. It never seemed to occur to him that the vase had not been used or that the rope was not attached to anything at all.

My job was to go ahead to make ready. It was hell.

First you called on the vicar. You generally found him in his study quite surrounded by rowing photographs, crossed oars and caps.

He would go: "Oooooosh . . . tck, tck . . . myaa. Far too difficult I'm afraid. Far too complicated." At which his domineering wife would burst in

with: "Nonsense, Aloysius. Of course it could be arranged. It would be so good for the village."

Or else he would become at once so darned enthusiastic you knew he would want to run the whole show. Which was worse. Much, much worse.

The next thing to do would be to find the caretaker of the village hall and try to persuade her that the vicar had said yes.

It would almost invariably appear that the chairs for the hall had been lent to the next village or were up at the manor since the last dance. Yes, there was a piano; but it would need Joe the carter to bring it down from the vestry, and Joe had gone into Bridgwater to get his boots mended.

Now you had to get into the pub without being seen entering, for if the leader of the Women's Institute saw you and she was a teetotaler, the village women would likely boycott your show in fear of her disapproval. Now you would flypast the village, putting up notices behind the bar and in the bakery window (in exchange for free seats, of course).

Men rarely came to our shows but the women would come, particularly if the gentry from up the hill had decided it would be rather a lark to look in after dinner. We would charge the gentry 2s. 6d. for their lark and the village women 9d. and 6d. for their entertainment.

"Faces Would Drop"

My clearest recollection was of the universal kindness. They would smile and nod at us with a real friendliness and sit quite quiet through the show. Gradually their faces would drop as the evening went on and the dullest of them began to realize we weren't very good. But finally their expression would settle in pity—rather than dislike—of us.

They liked Victorian ballads very much indeed and the other items hardly at all. At one village we discovered living in a cottage a ballad singer famous indeed in the last century. He was living in grumpy retirement, aged eighty-four, with an exasperated old conjurer and ventriloquist.

The old conjurer spent the day helping me.

While arranging for the delivery of the chairs and drapes for an alfresco dressing-room, he would from time to time extract an egg from my ear. Poor old man. He was asking so very politely if he might be allowed to perform.

That night we sang all the Victorian ballads we knew, like "Gathering up the Shells from the Shore," and "Come into the Garden, Maud," and the great baritone sat there stiff on his kitchen chair and he cried, he had been so sure the world had forgotten him.

Bit Of Scandal

At one village there was a scandal. In the great house across the common there lived a retired Greek ballerina, and it took only half a pint in the local to discover that she was supposed to be warmly seated in the affections of the squire, whose wife was in London with her sick mother.

The ballerina came to our performance and was gracious indeed in her applause. We needed her applause, for nobody else came at all.

We had been together for about a month, hitch-hiking, mildly squabbling, doing each other's washing, and drinking interminable cups of tea. We were brown from long days on the road in the

Continued on next page



"The don was becoming a nuisance. I had to play a dirty trick on him"

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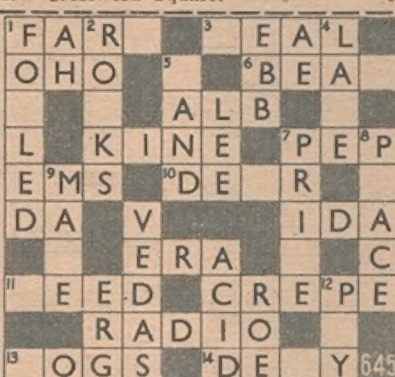
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MON., AUG. 15

I JOINED THE BARNSTORMERS

Continued from previous page

hot sun, we walked with a casual swagger and talked together in a kind of careless shorthand.

When we came to the next village it seemed just about the same as the others. But the vicar was different. His passion for the medieval stage was as great as our don's.

Before we could apply any sort of brake at all, the two of them had cooked up some elaborate kind of morality play which we were supposed to do from the chance of the church.

It was the usual thing, with the Devil as a bear and Goodman paring his nails for him. But the don insisted on playing the bear and he clowning the part, so that the vicar became extremely angry and said that the don had soiled God's house by his foolery.

We left bitterness behind us at the vicarage and decided, lest our ill-fame had gone ahead of us, to put on something hugely frivolous, innocuous and non-controversial at our next stop. The sailor recited a rather coarse little poem from the repertoire of the late Billy Bennett. The fat girl sat at the piano and sang three charming little songs of her own composition, all about heartaches and nobody-loves-me.

Pink Bow Disaster

There was one heartrending number, I remember, about a girl who was in love with a married B.B.C. announcer. Then the girl who was determined to learn the accordion came on to do her can-can number. And, in a spirit of quite carefree lightheartedness, she had pinned a pink bow to the seat of her white lace panties.

I have never seen people so shocked. We had gone too far.

This girl, the thin, angry one, often had difficulty in drawing a noise out of her accordion, for she was young at the art.

Her miming, however, was so good that often the audiences would begin to be alarmed, fearing they had suddenly been struck deaf.

But then a whole chord, followed by a clearly recognizable musical passage, would come from the instrument and the villagers in their relief roared out the chorus as one woman.

They were gentle days, run through with the magic of absorption.

And when in the autumn I came back to London to take on again the business of being interested in national and world affairs, these did not seem so mightily important for quite a long while.

NEXT WEEK: Kisses and bullets in Paris.

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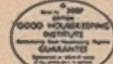
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